Week ending February 17 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

SECRETS OF RUSSIAN GENERALS

See Page 5

BOMBS DIDN'T STOP THEM!

by Hannen Swaffer

Jane's always bright and healthy!

Playtime dirt gets no chance to harm her health. Mum depends on Lifebuoy to wash away the germs with the dirt. She keeps home and family well protected against those risks to health.

Lifebuoy

is more than a good soap—it's a good habit!

2½d per tablet—1 coupon

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED L 400-690-65

Cadbury quality—and no points

FUEL WARNING

HOUSEWIVES' MONDAY WASH MAY BE AFFECTED

So great is the strain on gas and electricity, that householders have been warned of a possible cut in electricity for a certain period each day. Gas pressure may have to be reduced, too.

Monday morning is the danger period when the "load" is heaviest, and when the switch-off might be made. To avoid this emergency, householders are being asked to cut the use of gas and electricity between 8 o'clock and noon every day.

Now here is a fuel-saving way of doing the wash which saves your own fuel and helps you to co-operate with the Government's request.

All you do is whisk up suds with Rinso and hot, not boiling, water and pop in the clothes. Leave them to soak for 12 minutes. Then wash them through and rinse well, and they're ready to hang out—a fine, sparklingly clean line of washing.

Quicker, Easier

Boiling *isn't necessary* with Rinso. What's more, you're done 1½ hours sooner. And no hard rubbing, no hanging about over a steaming copper.

To save your soap coupons, use the less-water method—half the usual amount of water and two-thirds the Rinso.

Be sure to try this fuel-saving method next Monday.

RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, 1 coupon; 7d. packet, 2 coupons

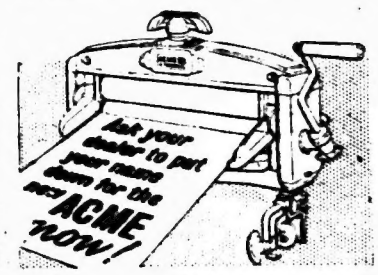
R. S. Hudson Limited

B 3254-621

It's like a Fairy-tale come true—

Back in my own home at last. All ready for the moment when I can get an Acme, and have best-on-the-line washes. Heavy things, fragile things, when they go through an Acme they come out clean and sweet. And all so easy. No wear and tear on the clothes, and no wear or tear on the housewife either!

And now the waiting time is nearly over. Soon you will see the Acme on sale again—a brand new model, in every respect as wonderful as pre-war. Don't miss the opportunity! The Acme will be here SOON—see that you have arranged to have one of your own at the first possible minute.



'Saturday's Child Works Hard'

See with what zest he tackles a "man's job"!—Such energy is not the monopoly of youngsters who are "naturally" fit and strong . . . it can be developed by wise nutrition. Serve plenty of delicious Weetabix—the famous whole wheat cereal food which helps to build the basis of good health.

SMALL SIZE 2 Points 7½D LARGE SIZE 4 Points 1/1

Weetabix

more than a Breakfast Food

'Zoned'—but perhaps YOU live in a Weetabix area.

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants

At Hartley's, jam is made under perfect hygienic conditions. Every ingredient is of the finest quality available, every process is scientifically controlled. Yet underlying these modern methods of production are the simple principles of the home jam-maker. For Hartley's make jam as mother makes it—only on the grand scale!

HARTLEY'S JAM

Made mother's way—on the grand scale!

THE SLEEPER AWAKES

The radio industry has been tied down as far as supplying the public is concerned. But now there is the "industry" set in the shops for those who must have a new radio. We at EKCO have been far from asleep during these years and we're looking forward to proving how "wide awake" we are!

EKCO RADIO

From *warm and dry* to **COLD AND WET**

Wool protects you from the sudden changes of temperature which lead to quite a lot of colds and chills. Wool actually generates heat while taking up moisture from the air. So when you go from warm and dry to cold and wet, Wool helps your body adjust itself gradually.

WOOL *is the word* for **PROTECTION**

Issued by The International Wool Secretariat.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

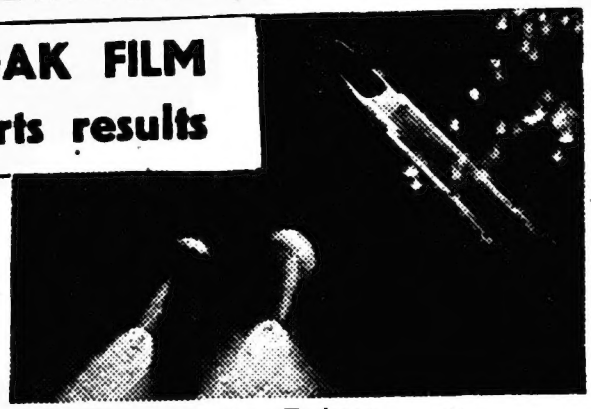
gives savour when rations lack flavour

When Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is so nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save many lives. Horlicks also goes to hospitals, factories, and the mines. So, when Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

KODAK FILM reports results



Enemy shipping is sighted . . . one of our Typhoons attacks . . . off go its rockets . . . straight for the target . . . one up for the R.A.F.—or was it? Often there's no time to wait and see. But the 'Kodak' Film in the aero camera will tell—beyond a doubt. To-day photography is busy helping the R.A.F.—helping to make the world a fit place for peace-time snaps again.

P.25x

"HOW SWEET YOU ARE!"

...with your Schoolgirl Complexion

The girl who guards her "Schoolgirl Complexion" doesn't have to fish for compliments. Let Palmolive's velvety olive-oil lather give *you* a natural beauty treatment from head to toe—keep your "Schoolgirl Complexion" all over.

4d. Inc. Tax

PALMOLIVE

Without Fear or Favour

MEANNESS—FOR WAR SERVICES

WE HAVE BEEN told by hasty commentators that the war gratuities just announced are fair and generous.

Sir John Anderson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, himself claims that his scheme is far wider and its benefits more liberal than the scale adopted after the last war.

JOHN BULL disagrees.

We think the proposed rates are certainly neither generous nor fair. We believe they fall definitely short of the recompense which bare justice demands for those who have fought for us.

Let us examine the proposals. We can begin by disregarding the lump sum payable in each case. For part of that sum is money deducted from the pay of the Service man or woman concerned.

The actual gratuity is much, much smaller.

THUS, AN UNMARRIED private with three years' service to his credit will receive an £18 gratuity. That is exactly £1 more than he would have got after the last war.

But, as we all know, the cost of living to-day is higher—approximately twice as high—as after the last war.

Put this way, we can assess the value of Sir John's "liberality." We can see that the reality—the actual buying-power of the gratuity—is much less attractive than it may sound.

Even the grants, up to £150, for disabled or ex-shopkeeper Servicemen are hardly big enough to set them up in business. And the principle of smaller gratuities for women than for men hardly conforms to modern ideas of sex equality.

NO PAYMENT could recompense the men and women of this war for the hardships they have been through. But we must do the very best we can for them. There must be no skimping meanness.

Moreover, adequate gratuities must be backed by a practical scheme of resettlement in civil life.

For full justice to the serving man and woman JOHN BULL will fight without ceasing.

The Editor

EISENHOWER'S TWO OBJECTIVES

Monty Paves the Way. Be Fair to Zhukov. Tedder Moves Around. Big Three's Secrecy. Blaming Britain for Famine. Morrison and Cruelty-to-Children. Hammond Goes Out.

THE WAR IN THE West has flared up. Hitler is now getting what his High Command always dreaded most—the attack from both sides.

So strategically important is the attack now being launched that even the brilliant Soviet offensive takes second place in the news.

The drive started a week ago, when Field-Marshal Montgomery moved his divisions, mainly consisting of Canadian troops, beyond Nijmegen.

The thrust had an immediate objective—to cross and cut off the Rhine delta.

The Allied supremacy at the point of attack was overwhelming, something like ten divisions to three, with even greater preponderance in heavy artillery and aircraft.

Bad for the Troops

The offensive began with a devastating use of aerial artillery on lines which the German theorists used to dream about ten years ago—but which only the Allies have been able to apply in practice.

Its effect is shattering. Lines of communication and retreat are torn up, morale shaken, escape made difficult.

The effect on the German troops, their minds already numbed by anxiety for the back-end of their home front, can best be imagined.

It is fittingly ironical that the weapon the enemy has come to fear most was the very one which he used so safely against the defenceless peasants of Guernica.

Monty's Three Armies

That opening attack was obviously of high importance in the Western Front schedule. But nothing like our full force was used.

In Field-Marshal's Montgomery's section alone there are three armies—the Canadian, the British, and the American Ninth Army—all for the major assault.

And it is those three armies which look like providing the spearhead of the whole Western Front attack.

The first objective is to throw the Germans back across the Rhine.

It is not as clear-cut a task as it may look on the map, and it will need all the Allied superiority, including the highly specialised airborne divisions, to carry it off to schedule.

Across the Rhine

Then the second great phase will be the Allied crossing of the Rhine in great strength.

Once this has been accomplished, the end of the war may well be in sight.

But it should not be expected to happen for some weeks yet.

The Rhine is the last great barrier between the Allied armies and the central plains of Germany. The Nazi armies, with a "Maginot Mind" of their own in their strongpoints in the Siegfried Line, will fight their hardest to prevent the crossing.

Once over, there are many opportunities. A drive northward to the sea would cut off Holland, stop the rocket-bomb supplies, and relieve the artillery duels now going on in the frozen Dutch fields.

A drive straight across the plain would stab the life out of the enemy.

Rewinding the Spring

AT THE OPPOSITE END of the front the Soviet achievement has been dazzling.

But it does now appear that the great machine needs a rest for rewinding. The Soviet armies are up against heavy defence on the west bank of the Oder, and although some of their tanks may strike through, and even reach Berlin, it is unlikely that they can continue their major offensive without a pause for breath.

Sir John Anderson has made many important announcements—including the war gratuities' award. In a few weeks' time, he will introduce another Budget. He should use that occasion to tell how he proposes to bring down the cost of living, so that the war gratuitites would really become as generous as he imagines them to be

Zhukov's Punch

In the south, Budapest is written off, except for the last flicker of its fanatical garrison. The same applies to Konigsberg in the far north.

In Czechoslovakia the Russians seem to be deploying only screening troops and are making relatively little headway.

Their big punch is still contained in those far-extended armies of Marshals Zhukov and Koniev.

Opposite them, in addition to the army and the home guard, is a reinforced *Luftwaffe*, including pick-a-back bomb-launching aircraft previously used for raids on Britain.

Moved East

Opposite them, too, are divisions recently transferred from the western theatre—and now desperately needed back there.

The tactically vital Oder has been crossed in strength in two areas—south, near Breslau, and north around Kuestrin and Frankfurt.

The northern break-through looks the more spectacular, but the southern is the one which may eventually make the most history.

For it promises to fan out into southern Germany, just as it also threatens to roll up the big motor road to Berlin through Kottbus.

How Far to Berlin?

On the other hand, Zhukov, opposite the capital, has the toughest opposition—both natural and military.

The "stunt" tendency to represent Berlin as merely so many miles' march for the Russian armies is a most unfair representation of the battle.

At present Zhukov, valliant and clever as he is, has a mighty hard fight before him before his flag flies over the Wilhelmstrasse.

Doomed to Death

The Eastern suburbs of Berlin, those facing the main Russian threat, have been savagely battered by the R.A.F. in scores of night raids.

For in those suburbs are some of the highest-priority factories on the bombing list.

Such stories as come out of the capital show how fully Germany is experiencing the horrors she so wantonly let loose on the rest of the world.

Berlin to-day is a doomed city. It may not fall as soon as the super-optimists have predicted, but its death throes are apparent.

If its sufferings result in the stamping out of the things that Nazidom stands for, it will have justified itself.

Tedder Travels

ONE OF THE MOST-TRAVELLED men in Europe before the double attack was Air-Marshal Tedder.

Tedder, as Eisenhower's deputy, went around to see things for himself and to discuss important future operations

The vast raids on Berlin were not isolated; they were part of the master plan for finishing the enemy.

Keeping It Dark

BEHIND THESE HUGE combined operations, with major attacks increasing on both fronts, is the almost unpublicised meeting of the Big Three.

The conference has produced little more than official statements. Never was a meeting held in a deeper air of security and secrecy.

Quite understandably.

The political problems of war-battered Europe figured largely in the discussions.

So did the question of the occupation of Germany, which is likely to be divided into three—the Americans occupying the southern section around Bavaria, the British Westphalia and the north-western seaboard, and the Russians the eastern end of the defeated country.

Berlin will be occupied by all three

JB insurance

"THE MONEY WILL BE A GREAT HELP"

writes Mrs. C. Sime, of Herne Hill, in acknowledging cheque for £100 paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance following the death of her husband in an outbreak of fire at their home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader *COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS*, in addition to *PERSONAL WAR RISK INSURANCE* underwritten at Lloyd's.

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

Miss Irene Ward, M.P., champions child victims of cruelty and reflects the public's indignation

armies. In that way no unborn Germans can produce the argument that their country really wasn't defeated, after all

Citrine Shocks Us

MEANWHILE, UNDER THE SCARS and shocks of war, the thoughts of serious people are turning more and more to the whole vast subject of the rehabilitation of Freed Europe

Sir Walter Citrine has returned from Greece, where he led a British Trade Union mission that investigated present conditions.

His report told a shocking story of a country in which money and normal standards of civilised life have almost ceased to mean anything.

He was emphatic in his opinion that British intervention was justified.

Sir Walter made clear he was dealing with things as he found them. The cause of the whole problem is quite another matter!

Liberty Means Hunger

THIS PROBLEM OF THE liberated country is one of intense complication and difficulty.

In Belgium and in France there is to-day a feeling of anti-climax, of disappointment. Liberation was expected to mean freedom and food and happiness again. It has too often meant hunger.

Blaming Britain

A lengthy correspondence between two French sisters, one who lived in France throughout the occupation, and the other who escaped to Britain, recently reached this office.

Throughout the black years the woman in occupied France was writing by underground means—of how she lived for the day of liberation.

Now it has come, and the tone has changed. "Were we living on dreams?" she writes. "Did we believe out of stupidity?"

The whole problem of the after effects of liberation will be examined by A. G. Gardiner in a JOHN BULL article next week.

What Morrison Means

SHOCKING STORIES of the treatment of evacuated children have recently raised the whole question of the punishment that can be inflicted on people guilty of the abominable crime of cruelty to a child.

A Parliamentary deputation, including Irene Ward, has waited on the Home Secretary.

Mr. Morrison has pointed out in the House of Commons that he can find no ground for altering the law as it is at present.

But this does not mean that he favours light sentences for offences of this sort. It means that the penalties allowed are considered adequate—if firmly enforced.

What has happened is that in certain cases local Benches had not enforced them.

They should be enforced. Justifiable public indignation demands it.

Witty, but Unpopular

PETER THORNEYCROFT, who has been elected chairman of the Tory Reform Committee in succession to Quintin Hogg, is one of the Conservative Party's best speakers.

He is witty and a good debater. He sits for Stafford and represents the Outside Left position in his Party.

But he is far from popular in some Tory circles—where his outspokenly progressive slant on life has earned him the description of the "Tory Socialist."

A recent pamphlet of his was scathingly criticised in the sort of papers of which Dean Inge approves.

However, there is far more Tory than Reform about the Tory Reform Committee. Underneath the occasional burst of progressiveness, Thorneycroft remains true to the Party.

Who'd Have Thought It?

WITH AN AIR of quiet pride in his achievement, Robert Foot, chairman of the Mining Association, has quietly announced that 68 per cent. of the colliery owners now support his famous Plan.

Really!

Mr. Foot is the (highly) paid servant of the coal owners. His plan was the Association's answer to the threat of public ownership.

His investigation was designed to find a scheme which would take the place of nationalisation.

And now, wonder of wonders, a majority of the owners are in favour of it! Really, this is getting too pompous.

Case for Cyclists

CYCLISTS HAVE SCORED a temporary victory in the battle over the proposed Bill which will compel them to use a rear light.

The Government has now postponed the measure after a bright debate in which such fighters as Aneurin Bevan and Sir Patrick Hannen found themselves on the same side for once.

The cyclist argues that the responsibility of seeing where he is going should rest with the motorist. The rear lamp may easily go out through many reasons —and is almost certain to be smashed in a collision.

The proposed rule, therefore, would make the business of fixing the responsibility even more difficult than it is now is.

Motorists Object

For the motorist, it can be argued that the rear reflectors on cycles play odd tricks at times. It does not always reflect the lights of the oncoming car.

On balance, the cyclists appear to have a very good argument on their side.

They are helped by the fact that more people are cyclists now than ever before. This was reflected in the Commons debate.

50s. Secretaries

IN A RECENT TALK after the News, the pleasant voice of Godfrey Talbot could be heard telling British listeners how the black-coated workers of Rome were desperately poor—owing to inflation—on salaries of about £5 a week.

In view of the shocking conditions inside Italy the remark seemed moderate, and excited no outside comment.

But it had a remarkable sequel inside Broadcasting House.

It inspired a petition, signed by members of the secretarial staff, pointing out that they also considered themselves poor on salaries varying from £2 10s. to £4 a week.

The petition has now gone from the chief of staff to the Director-General. The secretaries are hoping that their salaries will be revised.

Fading Out

Meanwhile, unannounced and unmourned, a major B.B.C. feature is in danger of dying out.

War Report was started with a great flourish just before D-Day. A corps of producers and writers from the Home programmes were transferred to it. Reporters were assigned to various battle-fronts

For some time the feature did very well, although harrowing stories were whispered behind the scenes of last-minute fights between Broadcasting House and the various censorship units.

Then, as attention was diverted to the Soviet front, the feature became dreary. It was due to be wound up. Now the upsurge on the Western Front may save it.

The Russians, of course, do not allow front-line Allied reporters to travel with their armies.

No Champions

THEY HAVE PUT their skates away in the Fens. Now that it is all over the weather information is being divulged by saying that January provided the finest skating for eight years.

There was no Fen Championship this year, owing to petrol shortage.

But there were plenty of money matches, the prizes being put up by the spectators and the skaters themselves.

The lonely village of Wilney, in the middle of the Wash, is the centre for most of the big matches. Year in and year out, skaters arrive there from all over the Fens, and run their races over the frozen dykes.

Old Tom

Old Tom Rolfe, Fen shepherd and local innkeeper, is a great matchmaker, and was himself a champion more than fifty years ago.

Last Sunday, when we called, his house was filled with sad enthusiasts watching the dripping tiles, the warm pre-Spring sunshine, and staring at the rising flood waters.

Their skates—"Fen runners," with 15-in. blades and curled toe-pieces—were put away for another year.

This is surely the strangest and yet most fascinating pastime in the whole of England. Broken by sudden thaw, uncertain as the climate itself, it lasts a day, or a week or two, yet they say that a boy is born with skates on in the Fens

It Runs in Families

Year after year the news of a championship is flashed over the snow-covered, icebound countryside. Men who have only a few hours' practice converge on the chosen dyke, prize money is staked, and betting is brisk.

A few days later the dyke is a muddy puddle in so many green fields, and the champion is back behind his plough.

But while the ice lasts the matches are the only things which matter.

Ability, it seems, goes in families. Old Rolfe, after the thaw, was able to say with pride that one of his young relations had been in the money in this year's races.

Studious Anna

FILM ACTRESS ANNA NEAGLE has had the—to her—rare experience of getting a poor Press. She is appearing in the stage version of Jane Austen's "Emma," and, although the critics said pleasant things about her performance, they treated the play very coolly.

In private life Miss Neagle is a studious, thoughtful young woman.

Before she starred as Queen Victoria she spent weeks reading the old Queen's private correspondence in the Reading Room at the British Museum.

That is the thorough way she has tackled all her historical parts.

Before the war she admitted to one relaxation apart from rather heavy reading. She enjoyed professional football and supported the Arsenal.

Hammond Is Out

THE NEWS THAT Squadron-Leader Wally Hammond has been discharged from the R.A.F., suffering from fibrositis, reminds cricket lovers that England will have to look for a new captain as soon as the game resumes.

Hammond, now nearly forty-two, has had a grand innings. Although his records have been overshadowed by his brilliant contemporary, Don Bradman, his magnificent batting made him one of the two outstanding personalities in the game in his day.

There is still plenty of cricket left in him, but he will probably feel that the captaincy is too great a responsibility for a man who will not be playing regularly.

Argument

"HANGED BY THE NECK"

Is the death penalty for murder a grim necessity? Or a barbarous survival? Should it be retained?

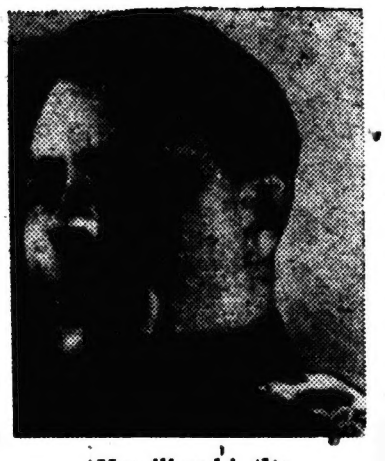
for

1. A man who takes the life of a fellow human being in cold blood has forfeited his own right to live.
2. Few people go through life without at least once experiencing the wish to kill. Only the strictest code can hope to check this unlawful human desire.
3. When it is claimed for a murderer that he is the product of bad social conditions, it is well to remember that so are thousands of others. Yet they do not kill.
4. The law must protect the community.
5. In cases of murder, our law admits degrees of guilt. Extenuating circumstances are taken into account. The death sentence is only pronounced when justified.

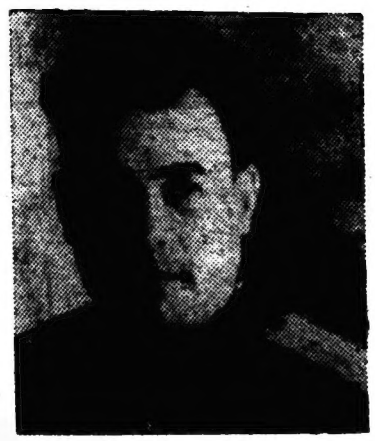
against

1. "To kill is wrong," says the judge to the prisoner, "and to demonstrate this fact we propose to kill you."
2. The death penalty is no deterrent. In countries which have abolished it, murder has not increased.
3. The teaching of Christ, whose code we accept, is clear. Evil cannot be overcome by evil—two wrongs do not make a right.
4. Would you consent to be hangman? If not, how can you justify hiring someone else for the task?
5. The death penalty is final. It cannot be rescinded if it be found later that justice has erred.

Zhukov, who wears a private's coat

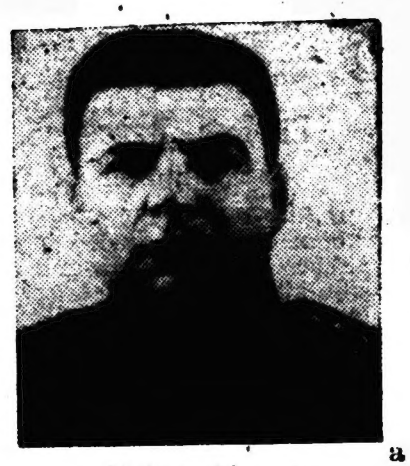


Vassilievski, the silent planner



Cherniakhovski; young man of action

Koniev, whose wife fought by his side



Malinovski, comrade of the British

a

SECRETS OF THE RUSSIAN GENERALS

What lies behind their great successes? How have they smashed the Nazi eastern wall? What are the facts of their strategy, what are they like as men? WILLI FRISCHAUER gives the real answers

IF YOU SEEK THE source of Russia's military successes, if you try to unravel the complex skeins of Soviet strategy, you must first look into Stalin's study in the Kremlin.

Day after day, night after night, you would find the Soviet leader in close conference with a squat, broad-shouldered, earnest man of sixty, Alexander Vassilievski, Chief of Staff of the Soviet armies.

Those who are most intimately acquainted with the mind and the method behind the Russian conduct of the war will tell you that the fundamental decisions emerge from these two-men conferences. Yet no other two people could be more different in background and temperament than Stalin and Vassilievski.

Although Stalin distinguished himself as a general in the field when he commanded one of the revolutionary divisions a quarter of a century ago, he prefers to rely on the more orthodox military mind of "Vassilievski the Silent."

Years of Preparation

If Stalin contributes political wisdom and a grasp of the vast economic problems which cannot be dissociated from a modern military campaign, Vassilievski relies on the scientific study of strategic issues as he learned them in a Czarist military staff college—where, incidentally, he was class-mate of Finland's Marshal Mannerheim.

Actually, there is nothing mysterious about the reasons for Russia's sweeping offensive successes, though they have startled the world. Much is explained by the two sets of statistics which Stalin and Vassilievski have before them.

(1) The tremendous industrial output of Russia's war factories in the Urals which, out of reach of the enemy, have for years produced and prepared for this war.

(2) The equally stupendous record of Russian man-power.

Stalin would know better than anybody else what he can expect of the hard-working, austere, enduring Russian peasant who forms the backbone of the Soviet army. He needs a minimum of food and sleep. And he can march for days on end, though a high degree of motorisation enables the Soviet army to move very fast when the need arises.

Superlatives into Facts

Pushing back a dark lock which always falls over his forehead; Vassilievski would then line up his men on the map before him. Two million Germans holding the Eastern Front? Very well! There will be a Soviet army of twice—no, three times—that number.

The "steamroller strategy" is still the basis of all Russian operations. Men and more men, guns and more guns, big tanks and bigger tanks. The "mass mind" in the word's original sense is at work in Russia.

You say "gigantic," "fantastic," "tremendous." Stalin implements these exaggerations. If you sum up Soviet strategy you find that it is principally based on the translation of superlatives into facts.

Few other countries could do it, except America if it had to wage a war in her own hemisphere, or China and India if they were as industrially developed as Russia.

What surprises people when they debate Russian successes is that such industrialisation and organisation of man-power has been achieved within the last twenty years. Our judgment of Russia's resources suffers from a hangover; we cannot forget that she was a backward Power within our living memory.

Again, the neat strategy which guides these masses of men and material is not inexplicable. People used to think of Russian generals as a "revolutionary rabble," as a sort of ex-guerilla hurriedly put into uniform and equipped with titles, medals and personal power.

But Russia's Frunze Academy can compare as an institute of military education with West Point, Sandhurst, or Breslau. The Russian generals—with two or three exceptions—are professional soldiers who began military service in the Czarist army but have since spent years behind desks and over books. Above all, they have learned on the battlefields, where many novel techniques were evolved.

When the Germans confronted the attacking Russians with "hedgehog" fortified positions, the Soviet Marshals—after hurting their heads against walls of steel and reinforced concrete—developed their by-pass strategy, leaving the "hedgehogs" behind.

Lessons on the Battlefield

And what the Germans could do in France in 1940 would obviously not be beyond the Russians in 1945. They realise that the primary objective of an offensive is simply a breakthrough with small, compact forces, a rapid move to cut the enemy's communications in the rear.

So they concentrate tremendous artillery power on the selected spot to blast an opening, rush their tanks through, cut the arteries of supplies and then leave the infantry to deal with the enemy's men and tanks and guns that have thus been isolated.

Of course, it needs men of courage to implement this strategy. From a vast reservoir of potential talent such courageous men have been found and, without much red tape, put in charge of the armies. Let us look at them.

There are Konstantine (Klement) Rokossovski and Ivan Cherniakovski. They demonstrate the wide field from which Stalin could pick his men.

You would not think that the castle of a Polish aristocratic family and the bungalow of a Russian Jewish railway worker had much in common around the beginning of the century.

Yet they have produced these two Soviet Marshals who are now conducting the northern end of the big Russian offensive. But that is about all these two Soviet Marshals have in common—except that they were both only lieutenants when the war broke out.

They were "schooled" at a staff college. But, like most of their colleagues at the head of the Soviet armies, they were also hardened in the grim school of the battlefield; they learned from the bitter experience of the early retreat.

And they would not be human if they were not now supremely enthusiastic and thoroughly enjoying the opportunity of giving the Germans a dose of their own medicine.

Zhukov, the Human Leader

Both are family men who live hard, but enjoy their food and their drink. Rokossovski is a bookish man, an "intellectual" and a linguist. Cherniakhovski, on the other hand, is more a man of rough-and-ready action.

In a way, however, they are not as "typical" of the rest of the Soviet Marshals as Gregory Zhukov, the supreme tactician and the "Montgomery of Russia," who executes the Kremlin strategy in the field.

Someone once said that "Zhukov thinks slowly." To which Stalin replied: "True, but he never has to think twice." And he thinks a lot; has thought ever since he was one of those grumbling, unhappy, unenthusiastic, mutinous privates of the Czarist army who finally joined in the Soviet revolt.

Now that revolution has carried him to his great military position, Zhukov remembers his own early fate. He treats his men as he once wished he had been treated. He has become a fatherly boss of his troops, intensely human, and has remained at heart the simple boy who grew up in a factory worker's humble cottage.

An entirely different experience forms the background of Ivan Stepanovitch Koniev, who was a guerilla fighter during the civil war. (In case you are wondering what a Soviet Marshal's wife is like, let me add quickly that Madame Koniev fought by his side as a guerilla.)

Many Types but One Aim

To this day he lives and acts like a simple soldier. He wears the great-coat of an ordinary private. To his men, he speaks in a language they can understand. He still calls them—and everyone else—just Brother.

Rodiom Malinovski, though, recalls an activity unusual for a Soviet Marshal. Coming *vid* Singapore and Suez, he went to the Western Front during the last war and fought with French and British troops. At forty-five he is a broad-shouldered, thick-set Russian peasant. But a fine general just the same.

Marshal Tolbukhin, promoted, with Malinovski, to top rank last September, is the same kind of man. That he comes from yet another part of Russia shows what Stalin has achieved in wielding these different types into a close team that thinks and strikes with one mind and one aim for victory.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Duncan Sandys, M.P.,

Minister of Works

DEAR SIR,—Why can't the country have the truth about housing and bomb damage repair figures? I am assured, and I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of my information, that figures of bomb damage repair, given by you to the House of Commons, are subject to correction.

These false figures, I am told, were given you because clerks of works have been counting families and not houses. For instance, it may happen that in a bomb-repaired house there are sometimes two, three or four families, and back to your Ministry goes a report that the total of repaired houses is two, three or four.

Figures announced officially are not therefore to be taken as sound. Probably they are double the actual figure; almost certainly they are exaggerated by one-third.

That is only one side of the vast problem you are supposed to be tackling. You have announced to a house-hungry nation that you are "aiming at replacing the temporary programme with a programme of permanent houses," and "this major change will, necessarily, take a considerable time."

What about the estimate of the Phœnix House people that they can produce something like 2,000 prefabricated houses a week, given, of course, priorities for labour and material?

By the end of last month, had this offer been acted on, the nation would have been better off by 20,000 houses. Yet orders placed for this type of house—the original cost of which has been pushed up by "improvements" from about £350 to nearly £950—are fewer than 2,000.

Your difficulties are many. But your record of progress is so negative that I must warn you about the temper of the nation. Let's have some results.—JOHN BULL.

Duncan Sandys must do more to hasten the housing job

Air-Marshal Lloyd S. Brudner,

G.O.C., R.C.A.F., Overseas

DEAR AIR MARSHAL,—February 25 is a date to be remembered. For on that day five years ago the first Canadian airmen arrived in Britain. By July, 1940, Canadian-built Hurricanes were reaching this country. How glad we were to have you!

The young pilots of Canada played a fine part in the Battle of Britain. They shot down 100 Jerries in two weeks. They fought over the streets of London; they hunted U-boats, getting many kills; they manned bombers and blasted the Reich.

Now nearly fifty Canadian front-line squadrons are operating in the European battle zone. The formidable few who arrived five years ago have grown into the magnificent many. To all personnel under your command I offer my congratulations and sincere thanks.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. John Sofianopoulos,

Greek Foreign Minister

DEAR SIR,—In your efforts to reach an amicable solution of the agonising problems that have torn your unhappy country, you told the representatives of E.A.M.: "I am absolutely sure that when spirits calm down the Left movement will benefit because it is impossible to stop the evolution of humanity in that direction."

The Diehards will fight bitterly to stem this tide. I believe their fight will be in vain.

For if I read the signs rightly the demand for a fairer, more secure and happier world will be so widespread that it will change not only the face of Greece and Europe but of the world.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

Other Eyes

IF THERE IS ONE thing more than another that we tend to forget it is that, as long as we are in this world, we have to live with other people.

We have to rub shoulders with other people, to work with them, hear their reasons, tolerate their fads and their fancies.

Yes, we have to do all that, welcome it or resent it as we may. And they have to do the same where we are concerned. The trouble is that we so often think of it as being all right for them and all wrong for us.

Isn't that really the cause of most of the trouble in the world?

It is rather startling at the end of any one day to sit down and think honestly and dispassionately how much of that day has been spent in blaming, in judging, and in uttering verdicts on others.

All the time thus spent might have been employed in learning and understanding, and in getting on better instead of worse terms with the people we met.

When you run into another personality and hurt your pride, don't always blame him first. Ask yourself if it isn't your fault. It often is!

Mr. Reginald Sharp,

Chairman, Hospitals Committee, L.C.C.

DEAR SIR,—Your committee has welcomed—it could hardly do otherwise—the plan for an Institute of Child Health in London. It will work between that grand place of Healing, the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, and the British Post Graduate Medical School at Hammersmith Hospital.

The ravages of war make the children of to-day doubly precious for to-morrow. With the co-operation of the L.C.C the proposed Institute, when it functions, should do splendid work as the parent body of centres devoted to child welfare.

Infantile mortality in Britain was a blot for many years on the health records of the nation. London's plan should be extended throughout the country so that we might look forward to a decline in the child death-rate.—JOHN BULL.

TEACHERS ARE NOT GETTING FAIR PLAY

Their little-understood war-time difficulties are here described by one of them

RECENTLY I READ a letter in a newspaper from a man who appeared to be upset by the teachers' demands for better working conditions and salaries. Teaching, he said, is a true vocation, and those who follow a vocation should be above agitation on such sordid subjects.

But have the people who hold these views any idea of the conditions under which teachers in London are working? (I can only speak for London teachers, though I know that conditions elsewhere are also bad.)

Take the question of promotions to vacant headmasterships. The L.C.C. stopped all promotions just before war broke out—on the grounds that L.C.C. schools were to be reorganised.

Illness is Dreaded

During those six years there have been scores of eligible assistant teachers denied promotion to headmasterships. But these eligible assistant teachers have done a head teacher's job—on an assistant teacher's pay.

Most of them know they now have little chance of promotion when peace returns. By the time the L.C.C. has completed its reorganisation, most of these acting head teachers who have stood all the burdens and strains of life in war-time London—will have reached the retiring age. And they will retire on an assistant's pension.

Then there is the grave shortage of teachers. In most L.C.C. schools illness has become a tragedy—for there are scarcely any supply teachers to take the place of those absent through illness. The whole additional burden falls on the remainder of the staff.

No Lunch Hour Break

The recent statement at a teachers' conference, that elderly teachers are dying on their feet is no exaggeration.

And a teacher, after all, is a human being—not a machine. Dealing with large numbers of children is a strain. But what would the average worker say if he was expected to work from the moment he arrived at his office or workshop until the moment that he left—without even a break for lunch?

Yet the great increase in the provision of school meals has meant that teachers do not get a minute's relaxation. As soon as lessons end at midday, they find it essential to supervise the children during the meal, and when the weather is bad—as during the recent snow and frost—continue that supervision until afternoon school begins. This duty is not obligatory, but teachers do it just the same.

Teachers nowadays can long for fine weather as ardently as any airman. When it is fine the children can go out and play!

But while members of every other profession and trade have enjoyed large salary increases and bonuses, teachers had a long wait before a war bonus was even granted, and until last year that was hopelesly inadequate.

Even now it falls far short of the cost-of-living rise. My own increase amounts to 10 per cent. of my salary, as compared with a minimum of 45 per cent. elsewhere. The same parsimonious attitude is reflected in the evacuation allowances granted to teachers who have had to leave their homes in London.

Disquieting Order

Evacuation has brought other grievances. What, for example, is a married teacher to think when he has to go out into the country—perhaps leaving children and a wife behind—while young married women, who have no children, but whose husbands are in the Forces—can escape direction?

Yet perhaps the teachers' greatest grievance is the attempted suppression, by the L.C.C., of free expression of opinion. I have before me an L.C.C. Education Bulletin, which contains the following notice:—

"The attention of teachers is again drawn to article 917(b) of the Elementary Schools Handbook, in which it is clearly stated that no person employed by the Council may without permission from the Council make to a newspaper any communication in which there is any indication that he is an officer of, or otherwise connected with, the Council. Will head teachers who have recently made statements to Press representatives kindly communicate with the Education Officer, as it is desired to investigate some of the statements attributed to them."

Children May Suffer

Why should teachers be denied the right to freedom of speech—the essence of democracy? Why this hush-hush attitude? Might the searchlight of publicity reveal facts that the L.C.C. would prefer to keep hidden?

Teaching is undoubtedly a vocation, but teachers are, at the same time, only human, and the quickest way to wreck educational progress in the Empire's capital is to keep teachers labouring under a continual sense of injustice.

A dissatisfied teacher is a poor teacher. But the real victims are the children—the citizens of to-morrow. If the teacher—harassed by financial difficulties, thwarted in promotion, and threatened from above if he dares express an opinion—cannot do full justice to his pupils, then they will be the chief sufferers through no fault of their own.

Theatres in London and other cities were shattered, but The Theatre and its players never gave up

The Windmill Theatre, some of whose "glamour girls" are seen here, continued non-stop throughout the blitz

Donald Wolfit played Shakespeare in London's dark days

Mary Jerrold and Lilian Braithwaite defied the doodle-bugs

BOMBS DIDN'T STOP THEM!

There's drama and humour in the story of Britain's war-time theatre

THE VARIETY CLUBS OF AMERICA, which sent a plaque to our Embassy in Washington, "as a tribute to the British entertainers who carried on all through the blitz," had little idea of what, or whom, they were recognising. The full story, which has never been told, would fill a mighty tome.

So long ago as December, 1941, I compressed it into a speech I made at the Water Rats dinner. Half the country's stars were there.

It seemed almost as though a bomb had fallen when I began with the startling news, which I had just got from the office: "America is at war! The Japs have attacked Pearl Harbour!"

The Yanks present knew what war meant, for they, with their British comrades, had been carrying on, facing the nightly terror.

"Will that soon be facing our own people at home?" they thought.

War for the Right to Laugh

Teddy Brown, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, who had held all-night parties on the Hippodrome stage when the audiences couldn't get home, and bombs were falling on the suburbs—yes, and expected every moment in the centre of London—were facing me. First they had performed, after the regular show was over; then the audience entertained itself.

"The British Theatre, since last we met," I said, "has experienced, in its own life, greater tragedy than any playwright ever dreamed; has taken part, in real life, in more poignant drama than it has seen acted on its stages—and yet has maintained a humour far beyond that imagined by any writer of comedy.

"Its performers have been blitzed in London many times, in Coventry, in Hull, in Birmingham, in Portsmouth, in Newcastle and in Bristol. But the show has gone on.

"Concerts have continued in hangars on aerodromes during raids, and in munition works, despite bombing outside.

"Performers have been machine-gunned on the roads, taken cover in ditches, hidden under lorries—but journeyed on, to act to the workers, and the troops.

"This, partly, is a war for the right to laugh.

"So, 'The show must go on'—your show and the greater one outside—until Victory is won and the whole world, even in the enslaved lands, can laugh again."

In the early blitz days, too, Owen Nares and the other actors and actresses in *Rebecca*, which was at the Queen's, went into the close-by Globe with members of the audiences. There, two companies entertained two audiences.

In the King's, Hammersmith, it was directly after Minnie Rayner, the comedienne in *I Lived With You*, had said: "What is that funny noise?"

HANNEN SWAFFER

tells the story of how British actors and actresses carried on through the blitzes. Tribute was paid to their heroism by the American Theatre when Miss Janet Blair, seen here, presented a plaque to Lord Halifax

that the siren sounded. The show went on till the end—and then Ivor Novello conducted an all-night sing-song from a piano stool.

Almost directly after E.N.S.A. midnight shows were first arranged for the factory workers, there were raids, nearly always, when darkness fell. Sometimes the buildings in which performances were going on were hit—and yet the show continued.

In one hall that was struck by a bomb, the artistes ducked under a piano; but a man who was playing a phono-fiddle went on performing, even after the "phono" part of his instrument was blown away.

Often, E.N.S.A. shows were given on aerodromes that were the German target for that night. Often, they went on in workshops when they had been officially advised to stop.

In one case, orders to go into the shelter were disobeyed; the show continued while the audience sat under tables. Bombs destroyed the shelter; but the artistes and audiences were unharmed.

Shakespeare and Sandwiches

After the London blitz began on September 7, 1940—during this, the Queen's, the Shaftesbury and the Little were destroyed, and the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells were also casualties—Donald Wolfit began playing Shakespeare to lunch-time audiences which paid a shilling to go into the Strand, and ate sandwiches while they watched *Macbeth* and *King Lear*.

Even when, because audiences had become so small that all the other theatres were closed, the Windmill, chiefly filled with soldiers, went on. It never missed opening! The heroism of its girls was made into a play by Lesley Storm, whose drama was acted on Broadway.

At the Apollo, in the worst days, business got so bad that one of the management said to a friend: "We had three last night."

"What, bombs?"

"No, audience," was the reply.

Then there came another peril—the "doodle-bugs." One ironic result of that was that the Robert Sherwood play, *There Shall Be No Night*, had to come to an end at the Aldwych.

Sherwood had originally written his play about the bombing of Helsinki. In fact, it was first produced on Broadway in that form. When Finland became unpopular, and went to war, the author cynically altered the scene to Athens.

So, as the Lunts could not go on acting it, in London, a drama which had been written about the bombing of two foreign capitals came to an end because the capital in which it was then being acted was bombed in its turn.

Some Were Frightened

Even then, *Arsenic and Old Lace* went on in the neighbouring theatre, the Strand, largely because Lilian Braithwaite defied the "doodle-bugs," Hitler and all Germany.

"I will go on until the bombs get me," she said.

The company agreed, and so they went on playing. At last, a rather nervous man in the company ventured to say to this modern Roman matron: "Don't you think we should go on tour, Lilian, as so many others have done?"

"And where should we open?" she demanded. "*Dover?*"

After a night of worse bombing than usual, a friend said to Lilian: "It was pretty bad last night, wasn't it?" He meant the bombing.

"It was not," she replied. "We were £50 up!"

Lilian's reference to Dover had a double meaning. Not only was Dover the nearest town to Hunland, but it was there that—even when, night after night, the town was struck by shells fired from guns only 21 miles away—the local music-hall kept open. While shells were falling, a strip-tease artist went on taking off her clothes!

Some artistes confessed that they were scared of bombs. They were the real heroes and heroines. One was Annie Esmond. She was really frightened—but, right to the end, she never missed a show.

A whole book could be written about what E.N.S.A. artistes have endured since the war started. Not all their shows have been publicised and packed. They have travelled long distances, in the Orkneys, in outlying parts of Ulster, and in the deserts of North Africa, to act to half a dozen men.

Their overseas journeys have taken them into the jungles of Burma, where Stainless Stephen and Elsie and Doris Waters were the pioneers, and inland as far as Abyssinia.

Some cynical historian may record the fact that, just before D-Day, George Formby telegraphed to Montgomery: "Wishing you luck. Beryl and I are ready to follow you."

They were. Not long after the Invasion, Formby and his wife, who had become friends of Monty in Italy, were in France. They were the first artistes to land.

INHUMAN "DESERTER" LAW MUST GO

by DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, M.P.

Captain Angus Hambro, M.P., is uneasy about this "Deserter" Law

Public feeling is keenly stirred against the inhuman "Deserters' Law," under which women of otherwise irreproachable character have been sent to prison for sheltering the men they love.

The terms of the Act permit no lesser penalty to be inflicted, and magistrates are compelled, often much against their better judgment, to send to prison women whose only crime is loyalty to a husband or son, who, having begun by overstaying leave, has drifted, through weakness of character or fear of punishment, into the far graver offence of desertion.

Prominent among those M.P.s who are demanding that the law shall be changed is DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL. Wholeheartedly behind her in her campaign, JOHN BULL has offered her its columns Here is what she writes on the subject.

THIS law has got to go. It is a barbaric survival, utterly out of touch with modern ideas of right and wrong. The rigid wording of the clause is a relic of the days of the press gang, when men were forced into the services and held by brutal discipline.

Think what it means. Through weakness or stupidity—rarely for any worse reason—a man becomes a deserter. Often trouble at home is the cause But if his wife does not denounce him to the police, she is guilty of "harbouring" him. When the inevitable happens and he is rounded up, she too must face punishment. It is far worse for her than for him. She goes to jail.

How Can Marriage Survive ?

But, in her place, what would you or I have done? What the law insists? That is an easy answer. But what marriage could survive such a betrayal? What are children going to think of a mother who turns their father over to the police when he is up against it? What future is there for the family as a united whole once that is done? It is the sort of thing we rightly condemn in Gestapo-ridden Germany.

I find it hard to grasp the workings of the official mind. So much talk about the sanctity of the family—and yet in peacetime a Means Test, specially designed, you would think, for the purpose of tearing families apart. And in time of war a "Deserters' Law" so utterly opposed to natural instinct, that the woman who obeys it must risk losing all she holds dear!

They Go to Pieces

And how strange are the Law's values! A man and woman brutally ill-use an evacuee child—they are fined. A woman shelters her husband—she is a good citizen, a good wife and mother, this is her only offence, the law sends her to prison.

In one recent case a mother was parted from her nine-months-old baby and sent to Holloway Gaol. Her child died while she was under sentence, and one cannot but feel that want of the mother's care might have been a contributory cause of death.

[The mother referred to, Mrs. Eileen Davies, of Shepherd's Bush, W., tells JOHN BULL that the baby was well and healthy, weighing 20 lb., when it was taken from her. She insists that its death was due to separation from her and to the fact that "it pined away for me."—EDITOR.]

Some who take the official view talk as though the whole British Army was ready to desert at a moment's notice, and that only the fear of drastic punishment on themselves and on their families keeps our men at their posts. This is not the case.

Desertions are negligible in number, and they come nine times out of ten not from criminal intent, but from sheer pressure of circumstances on weak, muddled characters, who go to pieces when faced with some situation they can't see how to tackle.

Bad Regulations

Often a doctor knows the truth of the story. Sometimes the case is one in which extra leave would have been granted without question had proper application been made. It is so easy to act stupidly in a moment of anxiety and bewilderment, and once committed to a course of action, to drift from day to day.

Not only the "harbouring" clause, but the whole law concerning desertion, could do with an overhaul. It is a badly drafted set of regulations which makes a man think when he has overstayed his leave, from whatever cause, that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. Such regulations completely lack imagination. They do not have the effect intended. They are bad for both discipline and moral.

Naval Intelligence

Cases should be judged more on their merits, with the idea of setting the man who has slipped up on his feet again, not penalising both him and his family, and risking the break-up of the home.

Under the Naval Discipline Act only a fine can be imposed on those who harbour a deserter. Why should the Army Act operate differently?

Let Women Tackle It

Many magistrates are feeling uneasy at the duty laid upon them of sentencing women to prison under its inhuman provisions. In Dorset, recently, two women were charged. They lived together. The men they had sheltered were in the one case the husband; in the other, the brother. Under the guidance of Captain Angus Hambro, member for North Dorset, the Bench adjourned the case, saying that they wanted time to consider their decision.

I hope by the time that Bench meets again to go further into the matter, the law will have been altered. If the women of England get together, it can be done.

AS THE NOOSE TIGHTENS round the neck of Hitler's Germany, let us turn eastward to see what is happening to the other neck of the two-headed monster of Nazism. Momentous things have occurred in the past few weeks which have profoundly altered the outlook of the Pacific war in our favour.

Take the position on land first. The reopening of the Burma road by means of a link-up with the new road from India is an event of supreme importance.

No more deadly blow was struck by the Japanese in the Spring of 1942 than the closure of the Burma road. It was the only adequate land route into the heart of China, and with the whole sea coast of the country in the hands of the Japanese, the Chinese military power was hamstrung.

There were millions of men who, properly equipped, could have rolled the Japanese hordes back into the sea. But, in a modern sense, they were unarmed. They had no tanks, aeroplanes, big guns or capital munitions of war, and no internal sources of supply.

They relied entirely upon the outside world, mainly America, for their equipment. But their only effective contact with the world was the Burma road, and when that was closed the immense potentialities of China as a fighting unit were paralysed.

For three years China has for all practical purposes been out of action. Now she is back in the fighting line. The tide of munitions is rolling forward into China, and Japan, at the most critical phase of the struggle, is faced with a mighty menace on her land-sea flank.

Ending a Quarrel

The magnitude of that menace will be increased if, as we may expect, the quarrel between Chiang Kai-shek and the Northern "Communists" is settled and a united China moves with a single purpose against the common foe

The opening of the Burma road is a by-product of the campaign of the Fourteenth Army in Burma.

In all the records of this war there has been nothing more heroic than the work of that Army—and certainly nothing which has had so little popular recognition. It has been less spectacular than the great drive by the Eighth Army in Africa; but there has been no more transcendent feat in the annals of British arms.

Without it the Burma road could never have been reopened. But that, as I have said, is only a by-product of the reconquest of Burma which is now advancing inflexibly to its goal. In a word, the war on land is moving inflexibly to victory.

The war with Japan, however, is not mainly a land war. Japan is an island Power, and lives or dies by the sea. And it is on the sea that her death warrant is being signed.

The recapture of Manila by

Kachin tribesmen of North Burma fight … moves through the burning village of …

THE FORGO… OF TH…

Singapore fell three … Now its conqueror has …

by A. G. …

General MacArthur will live as one of the great landmarks of the war.

When Japan set out to conquer Asia she knew that she had first to conquer *and hold* the Pacific. Her gamble was based on two calculations.

One was that by her treacherous blow at Pearl Harbour she would shatter the sea-power of the United States so completely that she could consolidate her dominion of the Pacific before America could recover from the blow.

The other calculation was that British sea-power was out of the picture. We should lose to Germany. In any case, our Navy was under such stress in the Atlantic that even if we survived the war with Germany and Italy we should not have a gunboat to spare for the Pacific until long after Japan had made her empire secure.

It was on these calculations that Japan took the enormous risk of spreading her communications over six thousand miles of ocean.

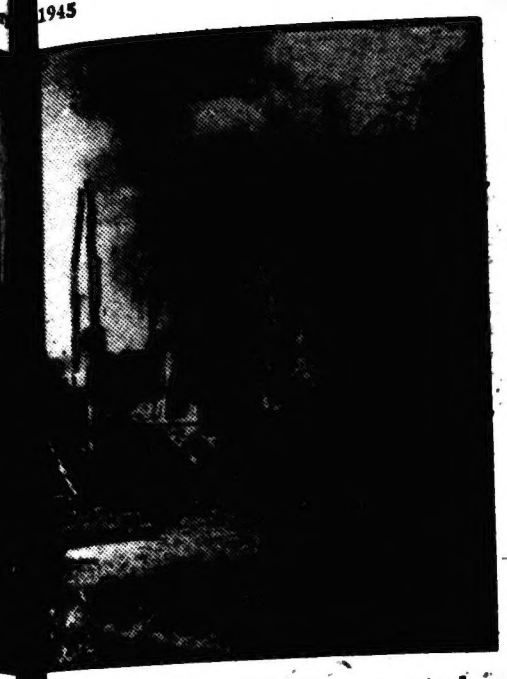
Both calculations looked reasonable enough in December, 1941. But both were wrong.

Two Surprises

There have been two startling surprises in the war. One has been the stupendous military power latent in Russia. That has helped to cook Hitler's goose.

The other has been the incredible productive power of the United States. That has turned the scale in both hemispheres.

But it is in the Pacific war that its effect has been most astounding. Hopelessly handicapped by the treachery of Pearl Harbour,



...h the 36th British Division—a patrol ...nges which sheltered Japanese spies

...TEN HALF WAR

...rs ago this week. ...y a short time to live

...RDINER

and deprived, by the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*, of any substantial support from the British Navy, America has undertaken the reconquest of the Pacific.

And the recapture of Manila brings that tremendous task in sight of completion. It means that Japan's dominion of the Pacific is over. Her sea communications are cut at the centre, and without command of the sea her whole Asiatic empire is destined to collapse.

It is true that her Grand Fleet is still in being. But it is only in being because it has not dared to face the overwhelming naval and air supremacy of the American fleet.

Air Power Triumphs

The fact of that supremacy has been established in every encounter that has happened since the battle of the Coral Sea onwards. Again and again, at Midway Island, in the Bismarck Sea, and most decisively in the vicinity of the Philippines, powerful elements of the Japanese Navy sought to stem the tide, but always with disastrous consequences to themselves.

And the sensational fact is that, in every case, it is not the American Navy proper that has triumphed. It is the air power of the fleet that has shattered and sunk and dispersed the enemy ships.

More than once the battle has been won and lost before the naval arm has come into action at all. It would seem that in ocean warfare an entirely new type of naval engagement has developed, in which the chief function of the warship is to house and fuel and protect the fighter and bomber of the air arm.

In the light of this fact another incident of the past week is ominous for Japan. Her calculation that the British Navy could never throw a spanner into her Pacific design has come to grief.

Enter the R.N.

Not only is the British Navy on the scene, but it is on the scene in precisely the most formidable shape—that of powerful aircraft carriers, protected by battleships, cruisers and destroyers.

The destruction by these carrier-planes of the oil refineries of Sumatra foreshadows the speeding up of the war in the Pacific. With command both of the sea and the air in our hands, not only will Japan's communications with the East Indies be severed, but the communications between the islands themselves will be cut also.

From the bases in the Philippines contact with Formosa and the Southern Chinese ports will be made, and the China Sea will be closed against Japan.

While munitions are pouring along the reopened Burma road to arm the Chinese hosts, the invasion from the sea will probe farther and farther into Japanese waters until the fleet in hiding is compelled to face the embattled might of America and Britain.

That is the final argument to which the war in the Pacific is inexorably moving. It cannot be long delayed.

If it ends as we have every right to anticipate, and as all the omens promise, Japan will speedily find than an island Power which has lost the control of the sea has but a short time to live.

The map makes clear how vulnerable Japan has become. Note the position of the Philippines—and the arrow which shows how our forces in Burma have linked up with the Chinese

SCIENCE GETS READY TO SERVE US

This week the Scientific Workers' Trade Union meets in London. DONALD STOKES, author of international best-seller "MEN BEHIND VICTORY"—"the saga of the back-room boys"—has been behind the scenes. He has talked to leading personalities of the union, seen a remarkable document, heard what science is planning for the years of peace. Here is his advance report, summing up what this meeting means to the man in the street.

THIS WEEK-END THERE will be mustering in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, some 300 men and women on whom—so they will tell you—your chance of a good post-war job depends.

They are the delegates of a young trade union, the Association of Scientific Workers, the "back-room boys" whose researches and technical achievements have contributed so much to victory, and from whose future work the new Britain will be born.

Affiliated to the T.U.C., and solid with the workers of Britain in their determination that our post-war policy shall be "high-wage prosperity in a world of plenty," they are rapidly pushing ahead with their plans. In 1940 they numbered only 1,200, but now they are 16,000 strong.

Not big as trade unions go, admittedly; but numbers are no measure of their influence. For they are the spearhead forces of industry. It is in the new territories of knowledge they are exploring—plastics, radar, jet propulsion, penicillin, plant and animal breeding, prefabrication—that the "jobs for all" of which we hear so much will be found.

He Knows the Secrets

In the past the man in the street has often feared science where his own job was concerned. If a machine does the work of twenty men, he has reasoned, that means nineteen of us looking for a job. That was true once; it is not true now. When Professor P. M. S. Blackett, president of the Association, comes to the microphone it will be to dispel that story finally.

Thin, dark, craggy-faced, this Admiralty scientist, with more of the secrets of victory locked in his brain than the rest of us will ever know of—they called him in as one of the team to beat the magnetic mine—has a clear-cut view of what the Government must do immediately if we are to have our "brave new world." Famous men of science from every branch of technological research will support him. Will the Government listen? It is the voter's business to see that it does.

Threatened Dangers

The coming of peace will find British science in a bad way. We have been in the front-line, compelled to concentrate on front-line tasks, while in both the United States and Russia, in addition to dealing with war problems, scientists have been able to keep up what is known as "fundamental research"—that is, long-term investigations, from which, though there are no immediate fruits, tremendous developments may ultimately come.

We have been left behind; we have got to catch up. For reasons which reflect no credit on either nation, Russian and British scientists have not been in close touch. But the French have just received a report from the Soviet Academy of Sciences which contains sensational news. I have seen this document and it makes remarkable reading. On every science front the Soviets are recording advances. Two items from the report, picked at random, give some idea of what is going on.

Brazhnikova, a leading Russian biochemist, reports the discovery of a new anti-bacterial substance which kills all harmful germs *without hurting healthy tissues*. Maliuga, ace of Soviet metallurgists, describes an astonishing process for extracting the rare metals nickel and cobalt, essential elements of high-grade alloys, *from almost any soil*. Till now Canada has had a near-monopoly of these valuable minerals. Does the Soviet discovery mean that this monopoly has been broken? Time will show.

Scientists in Command

From the United States comes a similar story. The American scientists, working in teams, have now reached a point where they can take atoms and molecules and "drill" them into any formation they please. In this field of physics the scientist is like a commander forming his troops for action. Long, flexible lines of molecules give you the silken "nylon"; the same lines, formed up more solidly, give you the ideal tooth-brush bristle.

Glass bendable or unbreakable; synthetic rubber, new sorts of artificial leather; plastics in a thousand forms—all these are aspects of the same principle. "Describe to us the ideal substance you're looking for," say the American scientists to the manufacturers. "If it occurs in Nature, we'll copy it; if it doesn't, we'll create it." In industry after industry they are keeping their word.

Woman's Plan

How are we to line up British science for the peace time offensive? Barbara Ryerson, secretary of the Association, gave me a brief outline of their plan. Herself the wife of a young physicist, she knows the financial hardships scientific workers have faced in the past; she knows, too, from the inside, the chaotic state of research in the pre-war days of private enterprise.

"The State must step in and organise research on a national basis," she said. "Even in the sixth year of the war there are still some firms which are reluctant to pool their secret processes in the national cause. As for the patent situation, even the experts have lost track of it, so fantastically muddled has it become. We've got to clear up the whole mess. The State must furnish the resources for scientists and see that the nation as a whole gets the benefit of their work."

Science has become political. It is no longer a world apart. In the new age now upon us the term "unskilled" will have no meaning. The man who used to swing a pick will work a high-power drill. The woman who used to go on hands and knees to wash a stairway will use an electric floor-cleansing machine. The people who use these "precision instruments" of the future will have to understand them, and the technical knowledge thus gained will give new dignity to the worker.

Last speaker at the conference, "the summer-up," will be Professor J. D. Bernal, technical adviser to Combined Operations. On the "combined operations" he and his scientific colleagues plan for the years of peace the whole future of Britain depends.

JOHN BULL Short Story

FORGET ME *Not*

Some people jog their memories by tying a knot in a handkerchief, but the Old Boy thought his original system more reliable—but it did startle the waitress at lunch

by WILL SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

"What's the idea?" asked the fat waitress, and the old boy tried to explain.

"YOU'RE SURE TO FORGET," said the Old Lady.

"No, I won't forget," said the Old Boy.

"I'll write it down for you," the Old dy offered, but he shook his head.

"I'd be sure to lose the piece of paper," said. "I've got like that these days. henever I make a note of anything I islay the note. No, my dear, leave it me. I'll not forget. You'll see."

"Why not call at Piper's on your way wn?" she said hopefully.

That brightened him up considerably. "Yes, I'll do that!" he said. "Perhaps ey could send it up. Then I shouldn't ve it on my mind all day. At any te, I can remember Piper's as far as per's! I haven't cracked up that uch!"

He smiled and she smiled, and she ought that he was a bigger dear than er, a bigger dear even than he had en when they were young, for all his nny little ways and his habit of for-tting things. He squeezed her arm and ssed her and went out and shuffled wn the street, muttering "Piper's—per's—Piper's" all the time. When he as out of sight at the end of the street e closed the door. She was still niling.

"He'll forget," she said.

But he didn't forget Piper's, at all ents. Muttering all the way to their or, he kept his mind on the job. He nt in and saw Piper himself and hoped s troubles were over. But they weren't.

"Sorry, sir," said Piper. "Couldn't ssibly send it. Short-staffed, you know, r. War, you see, sir. Can't spare ybody."

"Dear, dear!" said the Old Boy. "I ppose I shall have to call for it on y way back."

AND OUT THE Old Boy went, wondering how on earth he was going to re-ember "Piper's" all day.

He worried himself down the road and und the corner and didn't brighten a rap until he saw a big display of pipes Shaw and Samson's window. That heered him up.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Pipes—Piper's! hat's easy. All I have to do is to re-ember Shaw and Samson's, and that ill bring Piper's back to my mind at nce. Remember to look in Shaw and amson's window on my way home."

Two hundred yards farther along he lled up in a cold sweat.

"*What's* that shop I have to remem-r. Simpson's? Simkin's?" And he as on the point of beginning to tremble, hen his eye alighted on a poster and e realised he was standing in front of e Town Hall. "All This Week!" said e poster. "ARMS AND THE MAN, Bernard Shaw."

"Shaw!" cried the Old Boy. "That's it!—Shaw and Samson. My word—I nearly forgot! A narrow squeak, that!"

Thinking it wiser to be on the safe side, he went in and bought two tickets for that night's performance and tucked them in his hat-band.

And to make sure he didn't put his hat on. He carried it in his hand, which was cold for the head and made people stare.

Still carrying his hat, he turned into Montgomery Square, with its now-silent bandstand in the middle, and wondered how long the war was going to last and if *he* would ever hear a band playing in Montgomery Square again. And then something struck him like a blow.

"Bandstand — band — hat-band!" he said. "If I can remember the bandstand in Montgomery Square I can put my hat on!"

WHICH HE DID AT ONCE, smiling again. And he walked out of Montgomery Square quicker than he had walked for many a long day.

But soon he was slowing again, and sometimes stopping, and stroking his forehead and blinking.

"*What* square?" he was asking himself. "Oh yes—Montgomery. Dear! dear! I hope I don't forget."

Very worried, he turned into Pitt Street, familiar old Pitt Street where he had worked for forty years, and in a little toy shop next to his old office he saw, displayed for sale in the front of the window, a box of children's bricks with a picture of Field-Marshal Montgomery on the lid.

"That's it!" he said. "Montgomery—Montgomery Square! Toy shop next to my old office. Can't very well forget that. Bricks! Yes . . ."

And along he trotted, looking in this window, looking in that, talking to chance acquaintances as he met them, until he came to a bombed site, where all that remained of a once proud building was being carted away by workmen, brick by brick.

He beckoned to one of the workmen.

"I'll give you sixpence for one of those bricks," he said.

The workman wanted to ask the Old Boy if they knew he was out, but it was rather like looking a gift horse in the mouth. He took the sixpence and the Old Boy took the brick. And off he went, happy for a minute or two.

Only for a minute or two. Then the children began to gather and follow, and when he took refuge on a 'bus the passengers and the conductor began with their funny remarks.

"Goin' to build, mister?"

He got off near the bridge, unable to stand any more of it. Besides, he was hungry. He went into Spiller's for some lunch and put his brick on the table.

"What's the idea?" asked the fat waitress, and the Old Boy tried to explain.

"I've got to remember some shopping for my wife," he said, "and I'm not as good at remembering as I used to be. Knots in handkerchiefs are not a bit of use. Either you lose them, or you can't remember what they were for."

He stared wistfully at the brick. "When I let you know, would you be so kind as to get me a taxi to take me to Pitt Street? I have to call there. It is very important. I can't quite remember—something to do with this brick. . . ."

It was a most embarrassing lunch. Other men sitting at the table wanted to know about the brick, and didn't seem to understand when he tried to explain.

He cut it as short as he could. He paid the waitress, tipping her well to make sure of the taxi. Presently she came and told him that the taxi was waiting.

He got out at Pitt Street and wondered why. He wandered past his old office and pulled up outside the little toy shop. There he stood vaguely, stroking his nose.

"Something about—er—bricks. . . ."

Then he saw the toy box with the picture of Montgomery on the lid.

"Of course! Yes, that's it—Montgomery Square. Though what Montgomery Square's go to do——"

IT WAS CERTAINLY very puzzling, but no doubt it would sort itself out. The first thing was to get to Montgomery Square. He felt a bit too tired now to walk the distance. He called another taxi, and nearly forgot to pay the driver when he reached his destination.

For a full minute he stood staring gloomily around Montgomery Square and then he became aware of the bandstand in the centre. "Bandstand!" he cried aloud. "That's the thing! Bandstand! Now what . . ." Then it came to him. "Yes! Hatband!" He snatched off his hat and began to grope. The theatre tickets came to light.

"Theatre? 'Arms and the Man'?" he muttered. "Now, what on earth—— Ah! 'By Bernard Shaw'! Yes, yes, yes! Shaw and Samson's! Fancy forgetting—— Though what I have to call at Shaw and Samson's for . . ."

He got to Shaw and Samson's. He stared at the place hazily. He went close to the window and peeped in. Funny! Nothing but pipes. Big pipes, little pipes, pipes on all the shelves. But he'd got a dozen pipes already. He couldn't possibly have been thinking of buying a pipe. But Shaw and Samson's sold nothing else. Then——

That was it! Call at Piper's for the wife. Yes, *that* was it.

He went to Piper's.

"Did I—er—call for something—er—this morning?" he asked.

"That's right, sir," said Piper. "Brick. It's here all ready."

"Brick?" said the Old Boy.

"For your wife, you said, sir. For the fire. To save coal. Very lucky to find one, sir. Tucked away in the corner of the store. Getting scarce, now, bricks."

"Oh, yes," said the Old Boy. "Yes. Yes. Thank you, thank you."

And home he went with it, and his wife thought him a bigger dear than ever, bless his old heart.

"Remember the old boy who was in for lunch?" said the fat waitress to a thin waitress. "Old boy with a brick? Just found it in the corner there. Must have forgotten to take it."

DO WE WANT WOMEN M.P.s?

A well-known Parliamentary expert answers a debatable question in the light of his own experience. His conclusions, though personal, are provocative

by Sir GERVAIS RENTOUL, K.C.

A GROUP OF WOMEN assembled in a London hotel the other evening to celebrate the 27th anniversary of the day that women got the vote—a day that began a new political age.

Lady Astor was there as guest of honour. Those who applauded her must have thought with regret that soon she would no longer set off verbal fireworks in the Commons.

Lady Astor resigns. When we read those words it was clear that they had more than a personal significance. They marked the end of an epoch.

It is only a little over thirty years ago since the suffragette campaign was at its height.

Controversy was fierce, passions ran high, violence and disorder were rampant, imprisonment and hunger strikes the order of the day.

Then came the war of 1914-18, the first great cataclysmic upheaval of mankind, and in a night all these things were forgotten.

The splendid women's organisations with which we are so familiar to-day sprang into being, and all those qualities that made the suffrage movement so formidable, the single-mindedness of purpose, the organising ability, the self-sacrificing devotion to a cause, the courageous leadership, were dedicated without stint to the service of the nation.

Time to Take Stock

As a result, when the war ended, on a wave of appreciation, the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act was rushed into law with hardly a dissentient voice.

And now Britain's first woman M.P. to take her seat has announced her impending retirement after more than a quarter of a century of unbroken service.

It is surely a fitting moment to take stock of this great political experiment. How far, then, have the women M.P.s justified themselves?

I believe the answer is that they have, even though it must be admitted that their coming to Westminster has been nothing like so significant for good or ill as their supporters or opponents predicted.

Why so Few of Them?

The really strange thing is that up to now there have been so few of them! Only thirteen in the present House of Commons, and in no single Parliament has the number ever exceeded a score.

Perhaps the explanation is that the vast majority of women have no particular taste for public life. Comparatively few show any desire to enter it, and when they do it is more often than not because they have been prevented from fulfilling themselves in other ways and have been denied those domestic opportunities in which most women find their greatest contentment and happiness.

Moreover, I am convinced (though this is a personal view) that women care very little about politics in a broad sense, although it is true that when they do hold pronounced political views these generally tend to be extreme.

In my time in the House of Commons nearly all the women M.P.s were either die-hard Conservatives or rabid Socialists.

They Speak Clearly

One thing, however, is clear. The danger of a sex war which some people feared as a result of the extended franchise has proved to be non-existent. Women do not vote *en bloc* or as a sex. They are as much divided among themselves on every conceivable subject as the men.

Although women get no favours in the House of Commons because they *are* women, they have had to overcome a certain amount of prejudice.

On the whole they have succeeded in doing so and have undoubtedly proved themselves as hard-working and efficient as the average male Member. They attend regularly, they speak briefly and sensibly and—best of all—audibly.

I was myself an M.P. when the first batch arrived in 1922, so let me recall briefly a few outstanding personalities.

Duchess of Not-At-All

It is strange and perhaps symbolic that the first woman to be seen in the Commons should have been an American born and bred. One who in temperament, upbringing and social circumstances was in no way typical of the average Englishwoman.

Yet few women have been endowed with Lady Astor's powers of repartee, nimbleness of mind and, I might add, general irrepressibility.

For three years she reigned alone, but in 1922 other women appeared at Westminster.

There was Edith Picton-Tubervill, for instance, who brought to the Commons a wide experience of social work among women, both at home and in India.

Her stay in the House was brief, possibly because her avowed recreation—according to "Who's Who"—was "long country walks with a silent companion," and the Commons is certainly not the place for silent companionship.

The Duchess of Atholl was another woman who made her mark, although her political views were sometimes a little difficult to unravel.

Nevertheless, the Duchess of "Not-at-all," as she was sometimes called, was the first woman to hold office, and proved a well-informed and highly competent Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education.

The first woman, however, to achieve the distinction of becoming a Cabinet Minister was a Socialist, Margaret Bondfield. In appearance short, round and cheerful, she had, by long service to the cause of Trade Unionism and the Labour Party, fought her way to the front with grim determination.

Another feminine Front Bencher of my time was Susan Lawrence, Socialist Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Health. Grim, grey-haired, spectacled and scholarly, she worked tirelessly but had little sympathy with masculine weaknesses and follies.

Ruthless and somewhat fanatical in her political outlook, she was scarcely typical of the ideal woman Member.

Hard-Fighting Ellen

In the Parliament of 1923-24 there was the brief, but refreshing, appearance of Vera Lady Terrington. Why she sought election is something of a mystery, for she had no previous experience of politics and, I believe, little taste for public life.

Nevertheless, for the short time she was there, she added to the gaiety and picturesqueness of the House of Commons. Attractive in appearance and elegantly gowned, it was facetiously suggested by one of her male colleagues that she changed her dress for every division.

Two other women have reached the Front Bench and both have done extremely well, although totally different types—Ellen Wilkinson and Florence Horsbrugh. Miss Wilkinson is tiny, red-haired, hard-fighting and provocative, but there is no doubt as to her courage and ability. It was the present Prime Minister who gave her a chance of shouldering responsibility as Under-Secretary to the Home Office, where, in spite of some bad luck, and particularly her recent accident, she has given valuable service.

One of the Best

Florence Horsbrugh has quite a different personality. Shrewd, level-headed and unemotional, with a real sense of humour, she is one of the ablest women the House of Commons has produced.

That both she and Miss Wilkinson should have recently been invited to join His Majesty's Privy Council is a high and well-deserved honour.

It may well be said that one Cabinet Minister and four or five Under-Secretaryships is not bad going for a mere handful of women. It must be remembered, however, that competition among themselves is far more limited than in the case of men, and a Prime Minister, who naturally desires to include at least one woman in his Government, has a somewhat small field of choice.

This is no reflection on those who have been chosen, but explains to some extent their high proportion of success.

Women May Outvote Men

Others I remember well are Eleanor Rathbone, a living monument of all that is sound and respectable; Mrs. Tate, nicknamed the Madonna because of her pale, stately features; little Megan Lloyd George, whose pleasant manner and ready smile, and, above all, her undisguised admiration for her distinguished father, endear her to friend and opponent alike.

These women M.P.s have had the satisfaction of being pioneers. What will be the rôle of their successors in the House of Commons of the future remains to be seen.

That they might ultimately constitute a majority in that assembly and even in the Government is quite on the cards. Even now women outnumber men in potential voting strength.

Partners, Not Directors

But at the risk of being regarded as a hopeless reactionary, I should deplore the spectacle of a Parliament mainly or entirely dominated by women.

Partners and collaborators by all means, but not managing directors. This rôle in government, I still believe, belongs to the male sex. Yet ideas are changing so rapidly that no one dare prophesy what part women may play in the political arena of the future

Susan Lawrence had no sympathy with male follies

Megan Lloyd George of the ready smile

Miss Horsbrugh—able, humorous and level-headed

Mrs. Tate—the Madonna of the back benches

Vera Lady Terrington made Parliament picturesque

Free Speech

"PAY AS YOU LEARN"

Nightmare Income Tax forms. Politics are every man's business. An original way of learning the piano. Where's that promised control of house prices?

MOST OF MY TIME as a journalist is spent in summarising and clarifying official announcements. Years of practice have brought some skill, I suppose, and, despite the hideous travesty of English used in Government statements, I usually manage to get at the meaning. But last week a personal document from the Inspector of Taxes completely defeated me.

For two hours I studied a thing called "Particulars of Tax Cancelled and Statement of Tax Underpaid or Overpaid." Every now and then I could understand a phrase or a sentence, but was quite unable to grasp what it was really all about. It almost looks as if these Income Tax forms are designed to break people's spirit so that in the end they'll pay up, right or wrong.—A. H., King's Road, S.W.3.

Another Kettle of Fish

HOUSEWIVES PATRIOTICALLY gave up precious aluminium saucepans and kettles to make Spitfires. Aluminium goods are on sale again to-day, but you need a priority certificate. No priority certificate was needed to give the things up.—Mrs. W. ANDREWS, 253, Royal College Street, N.W.1.

Fill the Empties First

PREFABRICATED HOUSES ARE being erected in a local square, while houses in neighbouring streets have "To Let" bills in the windows.—SIDNEY BIGSBY, 1, Rawstorne Building, Rawstorne Place, E.C.1.

Hitch-Hiking Hitches

CAR AND LORRY DRIVERS who ignore the signals of Servicemen wanting lifts do not realise the bitterness they cause. I've stood in pouring rain for two hours trying to get a lift while luxurious limousines disdainfully pass by and my precious leave has got shorter and shorter. The percentage of vehicles which do stop is roughly: Private cars, 2 per cent.; lorries, 20 per cent.; British Service vehicles, 70 per cent.; American vehicles, 90 per cent.—PTE. W. E. REES, Overseal, Burton-on-Trent.

> One reason why drivers often do not offer to give lifts is because, in the event of an accident, they would not be covered by insurance against any such passengers' claims.—EDITOR.

Mistaken Major?

ONE OF YOUR READERS is court-martialled for refusing to wash his vehicle with petrol. An Army major writes to explain why petrol has to be used. I've had much experience with the various waterproof compounds this major mentions, and have no hesitation in stating that the correct and most efficient method of cleaning a vehicle is with pumice-stone or waterproof sandpaper and soda-water. Not with petrol. — R. HAYES, 66, Ebury Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

YOUR MAJOR IS WRONG. The court-martialled soldier was right in saying that petrol wasn't necessary to clean his vehicle. Over a number of years, working on both aircraft and cars, I've found that hot soap and water, plus a scrubbing brush and cloth, will remove all traces of oil and dirt from any surface.—T. F. BATE, 36, Commission Street, Bolton, Lancs.

Blow Our Trumpets

MORE CREDIT SHOULD BE given publicly to the courage of Servicemen from the United Kingdom. Sometimes we

Lord Burnham, in charge of Public Relations at the War Office. To his department falls part of the job of seeing the British soldiers' praises are adequately sung. A Canadian reader thinks we're too modest

here in Canada see the actual figures showing how many men from the British Isles are at the fighting fronts, but figures are dull things.

What are you going to do after the war if some of the Allies claim that they brought victory? You're often too modest about your own men. It pays to advertise.—Miss A. B. ROBB, Wakefield, Quebec, Canada.

What the Doctor Said

IN JOHN BULL, Dr. Greville Park said alcohol does not warm the body. I have served in the Merchant Navy since I was seventeen. While sailing in Russian and North Atlantic convoys we received double rum rations. Even non-drinkers (an almost extinct species at sea) were advised to drink to the King in order to combat the elements. Knowing some of the shipping companies, as I do, there must be a good reason for them giving expensive drink away.—ELLIS WOOD, JNR., 95, Belvedere Road, Burton-on-Trent.

> Dr. Greville Park replies: My article pointed out that alcohol only produces a feeling of warmth which soon dissipates. A tot of rum would be good on coming off watch because it would warm you immediately and you would remain in a warm place. If taken just before going on watch, the warm feeling would soon wear off and you would then feel the cold more than usual.

Far Too Sporting

ARE THE BRITISH WISE to take more interest in sport than in serious political matters? No! If ordinary men and women had taken more interest in politics between the wars the scandal of mass unemployment, the muddle of the coal mines, and the disastrous British foreign policy that led up to this war might never have happened. It is only the cynic who says politics are no business of the man-in-the-street.—A. WALES, Rushams Road, Horsham, Sussex.

Beauty Sites

BOMBED SITES MAY remain for years before being built over. Why not offer them for a time to bulb and seed merchants who could make them beautiful for the sake of the advertisement? —"GARDENER," Sheffield.

All for 10s. a Year

SOMETIMES THE B.B.C. announcers annoy me beyond expression. One hears that someone will sing a "lovely" song, which is described at length. Then comes another announcer who tells when and where the song was last sung. This is followed by the vocalist, who says that many requests have been made for it. And at last the song itself—often a paltry thing. — Miss MABEL MILLER, 32, Montrell Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.2.

Musical Self-Help

SIXTY YEARS AGO, when I was a boy of twelve, I was very keen on learning to play the piano, but my parents were too poor to buy me one. I got a piece of plywood the size of a piano keyboard, painted the notes in black and white, and screwed it to an old table. I got a piano tutor and practised for about three years. Then I got permission to practise on the schoolroom piano at the local chapel.

I found it quite easy to put my theory into practice. Later, through hard saving, I got a piano of my own, and, with two friends who played the violin and flute, started a small orchestra to play for dancing. Soon we were making a good income.—R. H. MAIN, 27, Olympia Crescent, Barlby Road, Selby, Yorks.

Not So Sheepish

WE LIVE ONE STOREY UP. During the recent cold I threw out a handful of crumbs to the birds. A few minutes later a neighbour's pet sheep climbed the steep staircase and came into the kitchen to see what there was for him.—DAVID S. MARTYN, Rosslyn Cottage, Kames, Kyles of Bute.

Going Up

MR. CHURCHILL SAYS the time cannot be found "to examine the desirability of controlling or regulating the price of houses." Last September a modest house in Bournemouth was bought by a friend of mine for £1,200 and in December he was offered £2,500 for it. Surely it is time for an inquiry into this state of affairs?—R. DAVIES-BEYNON, 39, Southwood Avenue, West Southbourne, Bournemouth.

Mr. Reed Writes Again

THE AIM OF THE Labour Party is to achieve a Socialist Britain with a steadily rising standard of living for the workers. The aim of the Communist Party is exactly the same.

The first step must be the destruction of the Tory majority in the Commons. The Labour Party knows this. So does the Communist Party. But the Communists concentrate on fighting the Tories while the Labour Party leaders devote half their energies to condemning reaction and at the same time reserve their heavy artillery for pounding the "Red paratroops."

If Transport House goes on like this there will be three or four-cornered elections and the Tories will troop gleefully back to Westminster in their hundreds. With unity of the Left, led but not monopolised by the Labour Party, we have the certainty of our Better Britain. — K. REED, 29, Brougham Street, Skipton, Yorks.

I WAS GLAD TO READ K. Reed's opinion of your "Free Speech" page in the issue dated February 3. You seldom publish a view by a person of same political views. By a person of same political views I mean a member of the Communist or Labour Parties.—KENNY JOHNSON, 58, Poulton Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

YOUR CONTRIBUTOR, K. Reed, is simply nuts. — G. D. CHAPMAN, Womersley, Doncaster, Yorks.

It Could Be Useful

I SUGGEST THAT no bombs be wasted on Hitler's house at Berchtesgaden. No one worth while killing will wait there to be hit. Let the lovely house be handed over to the Allied governor as a summer residence. The British Prime Minister has an official country home. Why shouldn't Berchtesgaden become the Chequers of Germany under Allied rule?—T. T., Chatham, Kent.

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

Your New Life

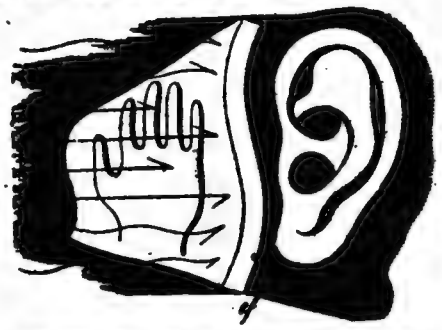
SOFTENING THE BLOWS FOR YOU

FACTORY WORKERS whose nerves have been frayed by vibrations of the machines they attend will be grateful for a recent discovery.

This discovery, made during a war time study of the behaviour of synthetic rubber, has produced a novel silencing device based on a new principle of sound-suppression.

Specially designed rubber insulators, mounted beneath any vibrating machinery, completely iron out the vibrations, preventing them building up into a crescendo of sound-waves which can irritate machine hands to the verge of a nervous breakdown.

The new rubber pads, totally different from any type of rubber pad now in use, have a scientifically designed pattern of ridges and grooves which, capturing the sound-waves at their source, so divert them that they



cancel each other out before reaching the floor of the machine shop.

When these pads come into general use they will result not only in much more pleasant conditions for factory workers, but a consequent increased production and longer life for the machines themselves.

H. H.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

PROFESSOR WEED, the eminent scientist and inventor, has given up trying to mash the atom with a hammer. At the request of the Ministry of Prevarication he has been hard at work solving the man-power problem.

He claims to have overcome not only this, but also the housing problem, by the invention of a new drug which entirely removes the need for sleep. Thus people will be able to go on working all night. And, as they will never go home, the housing problem will be solved, too.

A further result will be that workers in trades making blankets and bedding will be freed for other jobs. In fact, the repercussions will be terrific. Nightmares will become a thing of the past. Crooners will no longer be able to sing "I Like to Sleep so I Can Dream" and "I'm Dreaming To-night of My Blue Eyes." Cyril ("Dreamin' of Thee") Fletcher will have to recite "Odd Ode to a Skylark."

A nation-wide salvage campaign for bedding will take place. Already one prominent public figure, who thinks in terms of Merrie England and the Good Old Days, is planning for carts to drive through the streets with men shouting "Bring Out Your Bed."

PROFESSOR WEED'S DRUG will not be adopted without a fight. Already manufacturers of bedsteads, blankets, sheets, pillows, nightdresses, nightlights and alarm clocks are up in arms. As one leading mattress-maker said: "It will mean that kapok is kaput."

When I interviewed Professor Weed at his house, The Belfry, Much Madder, near Wits End, Beds, I asked him how women would fare when his new drug came into use.

"Eh, who?" he said. "Oh, women. You mean female people. Well, if there aren't any homes to look after they'll be free to work in factories, too."

"There'll be children to be cared for," I said.

"Ha! You thought I'd forgotten them. But I hadn't. They will be at school all night, too, so they will finish their education in half the time. Then they will leave school at seven instead of fourteen and make up the man-power shortage."

"When will people eat?"

"Eat? Ah, now, that's a real problem, eh? But I've solved it. I've almost perfected a new substance made from beeswax which makes it unnecessary to eat. That's not all, either. The Government wants people to have a full life, eh? The Man from the Ministry told me that the two obstacles to a full life are Leisure and Pleasure. Now I've invented some tablets which abolish Pleasure. So if people don't enjoy themselves they won't want Leisure. One fell swoop, eh?"

"What about people who enjoy their work?"

"HMM! THEY'RE DIFFICULT. But the Man from the Ministry said to me that however much you improve people's lives, there are always some who don't seem to appreciate it. But I'll deal with them in time, eh? I'll change their glands round or embolise their metabolism, or something. You'll see, eh?"

At the Professor's laboratory I saw men who, on the new drug, had been working without sleep for nearly six weeks. But, as I left, I saw one man lying on a bench deep in a beautiful, peaceful sleep.

"Eh?" said the Professor. "Oh, him. He's a blackleg. I'm going to sack him when he wakes up. I found him secretly taking sleeping tablets."

These books make news

A DOCTOR INDICTS OUR HEALTH SERVICES

You are shocked when German bombs kill children. You hear less about the deadly enemy malnutrition. War or no war, poor feeding is among the bad marks on our national health record, examined dramatically in Dr. Taylor's book, reviewed on this page

A SLENDER, 124-PAGE BOOK, just published under the title *Battle for Health* (*Nicholson and Watson* 5*s*.), indicts Britain on three vital counts.

First—thousands of children die each year because of poverty, ignorance, and overcrowding.

Second—the children of poor parents die of children's diseases many times more numerously than children of the rich.

Third—bovine tuberculosis, which has been largely abolished elsewhere by pasteurisation, is still allowed to spread in Britain through infected milk.

These three facts are startling, but there is no distortion of the truth. The author, Stephen Taylor, gives evidence to prove each of these three points.

Children in a Sheffield school are examined by a nurse. We have improved our health services—but it is all-important to improve also the social and economic background

Poverty is a Killer

Take infant mortality—or the death-rate among babies up to one year old. In 1942 the infant mortality rate in England and Wales was forty-nine in 1,000. In New Zealand for the same year it was only twenty-nine.

Scotland was higher than England and Wales. There the 1942 death rate for babies ran up to sixty-nine in 1,000. It follows that a baby has a greater chance of surviving its first year of life in New Zealand than in any part of Britain.

Why? The question is all too easily answered. In the course of his book Stephen Taylor refers to the work of Richard M. Titmuss. Here is Titmuss's explanation: "So far as the North of England and Wales is concerned there appears little doubt that these unnecessary deaths are caused in the main by malnutrition in the mother and child, or in other words—poverty."

On an average 8,000 lives are lost for this reason every year. They could be saved. Oslo brought its infant mortality rate down from forty-six to thirty. So can we in Britain.

The Case for Safe Milk

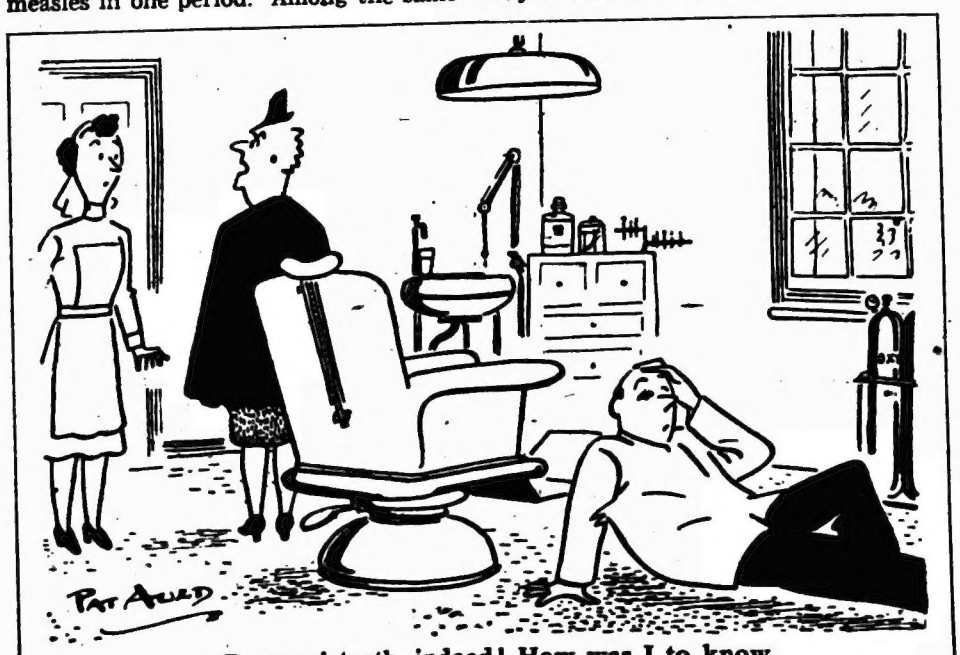
The second indictment in *Battle for Health* says that children's diseases kill poor children more easily than rich. In fact, out of every 100,000 babies between one and two years old, whose parents fall into the lowest wage class, 469 died of measles in one period. Among the same number of babies drawn from the highest wage group, only twenty-five died of measles.

Whooping cough showed the same terrible difference. In the bottom wage group 209 died compared with twenty-eight in the top. Six types of illness which particularly attack children all show similar variations between high- and low-salaried groups.

Once again, the answer is comparatively simple. Unemployment and poor wages in peace time made it impossible for many people to feed their children properly. Wages must never fall below the minimum necessary to provide food, housing and clothing at the current cost of living. A properly fed child resists disease twenty times as well as an underfed one.

The third indictment involves tuberculosis and pasteurisation. Let Stephen Taylor elaborate in his own words: "In Toronto, where all the milk is pasteurised, there is no bovine tuberculosis of children. In London, with 90 per cent. of milk pasteurised, non-pulmonary tuberculosis had fallen by 76 per cent. since it was introduced. Clearly pasteurisation works. . . ."

Since then Lord Woolton has estimated that, by the end of January, 1945, 100 per cent. of the milk in towns with over 10,000 population will be pasteurised.



"Dragons' teeth, indeed! How was I to know he was talking about the Siegfried Line?"

Medicine is Not Enough

The author of *Battle for Health* is a tall, breezy person, full of good cheer. Something of his own gusto gets into the book.

Although a fully qualified doctor, he gave up his practice because he found that most of the health problems of his patients were not simply questions of a bottle of medicine or an operation. They were problems of economics, sociology and physiology.

The important part of this book is its continued emphasis on the social and economic side of the battle for health.

Taylor wants some radical changes in our medical system. He wants students to have six months' work with a general practitioner before finally qualifying.

Pooling Knowledge

He wants less training in surgery and anatomy and more in social medicine.

He suggests that health centres, where ten doctors can pool their knowledge and use a common dispensary, X-ray apparatus and laboratory, can take the place of the individual private practice of to-day.

Group work keeps doctors more alert. They sharpen each other's wits and the general level of performance is higher if only because no doctor likes to let a group down.

This book is lavishly illustrated with photographs and diagrams. If even Taylor's simple and direct writing does not hold your interest, then turn to the pictures and the diagrams. They, in themselves, tell an inspiring story.

VINCENT BROME

He Gave Up Dabbling in "Bullets" and—

STARTING by dabbling in *Bullets*, Mr. W. H. Dormer, 35, Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield, decided to get down to it as a real hobby. "Don't I bless the day I made that decision," he says.

His latest big success, following hundreds of previous prizes, is his First in Contest No. 1,460. On the way to the bus one morning, he thought out the wording of his winner—On To The Scrap-heap—"Patched" Mustn't Be Pitched.

Take up *Bullets* as *your* hobby!

CHEQUES and RADIOS for "JOHN BULL" READERS

£100 PLUS £25 RADIO 1st PRIZE THIS WEEK

1,642 OTHER AWARDS

£20 plus RADIO, £10 plus RADIO

10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 20 of £1

100 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 New Prizes

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Simply add Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £100 plus Radio First.

THE BIG THREE
VICTORY'S BUS
UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER
MAKING HISTORY
LIKE A TIDAL WAVE
ORDER OF THE DAY
LOOK AHEAD AND
BITTER MEMORY
NOW THEY KNOW
BIT BEWILDERING
TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT
DELIVERING THE GOODS
OUR PRAM
TOOK THEM IN
SHRINKING
AUNTIE'S HOPING
BEYOND REPAIR
WHAT WE SWALLOW
WOULDN'T HURT ANYBODY
DAD'S POST-WAR PLAN

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

THE PLUMBER..... AND
FOR LACK OF .....
BIT OF A.....
ANYTHING BUT .....
MEANT TO BE .....
IF.....WERE ABOLISHED

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,466, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ENTER ON COUPON BELOW —POST BY MON., FEB. 26.

£250 FIRST, "BULLETS" 1,462

MRS. E. B. VARLEY, 8, LENTILFIELD GROVE, LEE MOUNT, HALIFAX.

BY THEIR DESTRUCTION GERMANS "ERECTED WALL" FOREVER.

£20 : Mrs. R. Peey, Colmworth Road, Wilden, Beds.
Nothing But Wars—Till Nothing Is War.

£10 : Rev. G. W. M. Laurence, St. Paul's Vicarage, E.6.
In Winston's Mouth—V Day—Twin Cigars!

10 of £5 :
L. Davies, 153, Chester Road, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham.
On The Post-war Road—Real "People's Car," Beveridge's.
E. Denyer, 31, Trafford Road, Thornton Heath.
Nothing But Towel—Can Arrest Jerry's "Towelling."
W. H. Dormer, 35, Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield.
Peep Into The Future—Giving Pep—Or Pip?
W. Freeman, 63, Belgrave Gate, Leicester.
Asking Questions—About Daddy, Not Of.
W. C. Harris, 70, Hillside Road, Tottenham, N.15.
Home Again—Will "Old Collar" Fit?
G. Laycock, 44, Hands Road, Walkley, Sheffield.
When Dad Tried Plumbing—Blow—Flow—Blue—Flu!
E. Maplesden, 16, Woodside Park, South Norwood, S.E.25.
Without Tears—So Laundry Lost It!
W. McGilchrist, 3, Elm Street, Glasgow.
At Auntie's Party—Three "Lumps" Allowed *Coalman*!
W. Richardson, Flat 2, Johns Court, Ladywell, S.E.13.
On The Post-war Road—Already, Whitehall's Pre-war Tricycle.
Bdr. J. N. Slater, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Terribly Complicated—Dad's Description Of Banana.

A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 100 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CHEQUES AND CAKES WON IN CROSSWORD 414

WINNING WORDS : 1. Scamps. 2. Names. 3. Hoax. 4. Smug. 5. Knack. 6. Pact. 7. Bet. 8. Tinder. 9. Kid. 10. Lugs. 11. Larger. 12. Crawl. 13. Spout. 14. Bleat.

£50 SHARERS : Mrs. R. Simons, Nursery House, Codsall; Miss C. H. Tite, 17, Northampton Road, Croydon. 29 Runners-up Awards including Cakes.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated March 17, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets."

2 FREE BULLETS

For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O Value.....

No.....

"BULLETS" No. 1,466

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

FOR HAR, 10 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

PROBLEM OF TWO BOY EVACUEES

Puzzled by many forms of worship. Need this child leave his school? Believe your doctor—not your friends

"MY WIFE AND I have four children of our own, but, during the blitz, my sister-in-law and her two boys came to live with us. The boys were completely out of hand and made themselves an awful problem. The mother didn't seem to care what they did or how much they disturbed the peace of our home.

"Then, during a visit to a town in the South, my sister-in-law was killed by a flying-bomb.

"Soon afterwards her husband married again. Neither he nor his new wife want the children back. Their father pays a small billeting allowance, but it is not enough for all expenses, and my wife is delicate and simply hasn't the strength to cope with the house and six children. Could the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children help?"

I am afraid it is useless approaching the N.S.P.C.C., since the children are not being badly

treated. As long as the father contributes to the children's billeting expenses, there is little that you can do.

I suggest that you should have a talk with a Court Probation Officer. He will be able to give you expert and friendly advice. You cannot send the children to a Home without the father's permission.

"I WAS INVALIDED OUT of the Royal Navy last year with injuries which prevent me from carrying out my job as a joiner and carpenter with the same efficiency as before. I have got my old job back, but, as I can only do light work now, I know that, after the war, I shall not be able to keep up with other men who are A1.

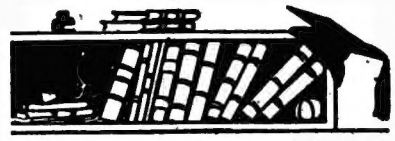
"I decided, therefore, to train for a slightly different job and to become a building inspector, in which my fifteen years' practical experience in the building trade would come in useful. I went to see a Rehabilitation Officer, but he said he could not help me because

my standard of education was not high enough. I offered to pay something towards the cost of training, and I would study hard to make good, but it seems that I am barred because I have not had a secondary school education."

As you are near London, you might be able to attend a technical college and work for the certificates of the City and Guilds of London Institute. These certificates are accepted as evidence of a comprehensive training in technical subjects, and you already have the practical experience. There are also evening classes to be considered.

Alternatively, you might consider using your practical experience in a different way by becoming a teacher of woodwork or allied subjects in schools and evening institutes. There is sure to be a dearth of teachers for some years, and you could apply for training under the emergency scheme of the Ministry of Education. Write for particulars to the Ministry of Education, Belgrave Square, S.W.1.

"WE ARE WONDERING how the new Education Act will affect our son. We live in a small hamlet two miles from the nearest village school. Our son



attended there, but we felt that he was not getting on as well as he might and was worthy of a higher standard of education. We sent him as a boarder to a Grammar School, and now, in his second term there, he is very happy, likes his lessons, and is making good progress. Under the new Act, will he have to return to the village school?"

I don't see any reason why your son should have to leave the Grammar School. The new Education Act does not begin to operate until April next year, and if the boy still continues to work well and happily, it is not likely that he will be removed.

"I HAD A GOOD upbringing, and I am now living a clean, straightforward life in the Army. But I am not really contented in my inner self.

"Most of the men I know believe in a Divine Purpose, but I can't help wondering why so many of them disbelieve in organised religion and church attendance. I am puzzled by the existence of so many forms of religion. They all think they are right. It is a problem which I seem unable to solve."

If you go on living a straight, clean life—that is the all-important thing. Speculations about the many different creeds bewilder the brain. But, if you think about them, you will find certain fundamental ideas common to them all. I advise you to concentrate on those and leave minor matters alone.

What are the fundamentals? Here are a few: the conviction that life is worth while; that every person matters, whether he be rich or poor, young or old; that integrity of character is the real test of a man; that one must fight evil things whatever form they take.

"PLEASE DON'T LAUGH at me, but I am very worried because sometimes I see 'spots before the eyes.' Sometimes they are black specks, at others they are like grey bubbles. One friend has said that it is due to liver trouble, another

thinks it is a sign of coming insanity. I am really anxious about it."

Put an end to your anxiety by seeing a doctor. He will diagnose the cause of the trouble in your case and give you treatment should it be needed. Very often such "spots" are a sign of nothing more than eye-strain or worry. The latter forms a vicious circle—worry makes you "see spots"; "seeing spots" makes you worry. A doctor will quickly put your mind at rest.

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £5 0—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Housewife overburdened with cares may lose her—B□OOM. 2. Pay attention to warning given by—THR□AT. 3. Patient's condition after operation may make one necessary—TE□T. 4. May involve a considerable amount of danger—RIS□. 5. Is pretty hard on young pony—□IT. 6. Likely to go through man's pocket without his knowing it—WI□E. 7. Some pedestrians are rather upset when cars get this—□EAR. 8. You may possibly have to dig deep to expose lie of—LIA□. 9. There may be plenty of fat in—□UET. 10. Good one is appreciated by sportsmen—MI□ER. 11. Extended one tells singing master if pupil is breathing deeply—TRI□L. 12. Unwary person is more likely to be caught in—WE□. 13. Constant quarrels may eventually make Henpeck—□ICK. 14. It doesn't always pay commercial firm to do this—ST□NT.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers. For Gazette dated March 10 enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Last day to post—Monday, February 26.

ADDRESS ENTRY : Xword 418, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 414 is given below "Bullets" Result in column 2.

Petrol for ex-Servicemen

M. K., Dunstable: There is an arrangement whereby applications for petrol for private hire work by disabled ex-Servicemen are referred by the Ministry of Fuel and Power to the Ministry of Labour and National Service. If the latter recommends that a private hire business is the best method of resettlement in civilian life for the applicant, the Ministry of Fuel and Power gives the application sympathetic consideration.

F. H., Bournemouth: There has been no general writing-off of income-tax arrears for 1941 or earlier years. If the arrears to which you refer arise in respect of your own liability before marriage, the authorities cannot attempt to recover them from your husband. If, however, the arrears relate to your husband's assessments, or to your earnings after the date of your marriage, your husband is liable, and they may be taken into account in coding him for 1945-6.

L. R., Minehead: The life of the Fourth Issue of National Savings Certificates may now be retained until twenty years from their respective dates of issue—that is, they can be held for a further nine years beyond the original term of eleven years.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Give the children plenty of Eggs

Are you one of the mothers who say "*Plenty of eggs? Don't I wish I could get them . . .?*" But you can — delicious fresh eggs in golden powder form, cheaper than shell eggs and just as easy to use. Dried eggs — the entire yolk and white of new-laid eggs — are a building food like meat and fish. Here is a main-meal dish which the children are sure to like :

COTTAGE CUTLETS

Ingredients : 1½ lb. potatoes, cooked and mashed, 4 dried eggs, dry, 1 onion, finely chopped, 2 tablespoons parsley, chopped, 1 level teaspoon mixed herbs, salt and pepper, dried egg, reconstituted for coating, brown breadcrumbs, fat.

Quantity : Four helpings.

Method : Mix potatoes, dried egg, onion, parsley, herbs, salt and pepper. Shape into cutlets and dip in the reconstituted egg and then in brown breadcrumbs. Fry in fat, or bake in the oven.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (DR.5)

Diphtheria! Have you forgotten?

Have you left undone something which would shield your child from deadly diphtheria? Perhaps you think it really isn't necessary—but it is. Even the best-cared-for child is in danger. The germs of diphtheria are everywhere. There are no safe areas.

Yet Immunisation is a safeguard—a simple, safe treatment which has saved thousands of precious lives. Already nearly 6,000,000 children have been protected.

If your child is under five, the danger is all the greater. Don't risk it. Immunisation is free and available to all through Council Offices, Schools and Welfare Centres. Every child between one and 15 years of age should be protected without delay. The best time is just before the first birthday. Do it NOW—it is dangerous to delay.

Immunisation —the proved safeguard

Issued by The Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

G3/S

YEAST VITE

THEN THEY TALK —*And Tell Others*

Nottingham,
Gentlemen, Nov. 27th, 1944.

I am pleased to inform you that I have made more new customers for Yeast-Vite tablets; all speak highly of them. I always feel it a pleasure and a duty to help those whom I know by telling them of the benefits derived from Yeast-Vite.

The War without a doubt has impaired many people's health, through the strain of working long hours, travelling, etc., so they look towards a remedy. They find it by taking Yeast-Vite tablets, then they talk, and tell others.

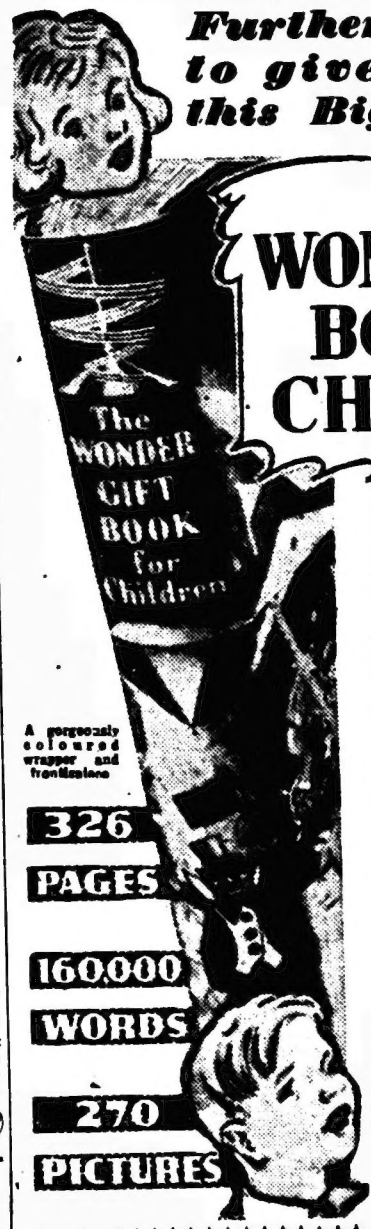
Once again, I advise all those needing a tonic to try a bottle or two, and they will experience what others have done. It will put new life and energy into them.

(Sgd.) W.M.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/4 & 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).

Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

Further Opportunity to give your child this Big Thrill . . .



A gorgeously coloured wrapper and frontispiece

326 PAGES

160,000 WORDS

270 PICTURES

The WONDER GIFT BOOK *for* CHILDREN

Here for "John Bull" readers is a further opportunity to obtain for the children a thrilling, handsomely bound work that every child will love! 326 big pages, 160,000 words and 270 specially prepared illustrations. Stories of Romance and Adventure; Fun and Mystery; Fantasy and Magic—thrills and laughter to keep children happy for hours. And every story and every poem is the work of a famous author. The demand for "THE WONDER GIFT BOOK FOR CHILDREN" is enormous. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. It is a case of "first come, first served." Readers are advised to apply AT ONCE.

Famous Authors :

Here is "Big Ben," by L. du Garde Peach, whose broadcast stories are listened to by millions of children. "The Magic Sheep," by H. G. Wells. "Wee Willie Winkie," by Rudyard Kipling. "Beginners' Luck," by Percy Westerman. "Christmas Pantomime," by H. C. G. Stevens. "Bomber Station," by Stanford Lock. "Film Studio," by Douglas Reekie, and many more.

STANDARD EDITION, bound in blue book-cloth, with pictorial coloured wrapper. **Send only 5s. 6d.,** which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DE LUXE EDITION, bound in Scarlet Leather-cloth. **Send only 6s. 6d.,** which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

Do this now Fill in Order Label. Indicate Edition required and post with Postal Order for correct amount to: **Odhams Press Ltd., "Wonder Gift Book for Children," Book Dept., J.X.2, Kings Langley, Herts.** Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. This offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. **If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be stated.**

JOHN BULL READERS! The demand for this splendid book for the kiddies is tremendous. Apply AT ONCE. All applications must be received not later than February 28.

POST FORM NOW!

BOOK WITH CARE CARRIAGE PAID HOME

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... COUNTY .....

If undelivered return to Book Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., Kings Langley, Herts.

STANDARD EDITION 5/6
DE LUXE EDITION 6/6
Strike out edition not required.

N.C.B.1. J.X.2 17/2/45.

When he's back—

to the meals that mother makes...

ah! BISTO

FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

PARK DRIVE *for pleasure*

Soothe SKIN irritations itching inflammation

—*use Germolene!*

Keep a watchful eye open for skin troubles — and use Germolene on your child's tender skin just as you would on your own. The healing touch of Germolene instantly soothes smarting, burning, itching, irritation, and clean new skin forms in no time. Get some Germolene today: 1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

In case of **SPOTS, RASHES, CUTS, CORNS, INFLAMMATION, BURNS, BLISTERS, LEG TROUBLE, PIMPLES, ETC., ETC.**

use Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

SAXA cheapest and best SALT

FOOD FACTS

TO EVERY MOTHER WITH A CHILD UNDER FIVE

A message of special importance at this time

If you're the mother of a child under 5, please remember that your child should still be getting his bottled orange juice regularly, even although there are oranges to be had now and then in the shops. An occasional orange is not enough. Under-fives need orange juice every day, without fail.

Why children need orange juice

Orange juice contains Vitamin C, one of the most important vitamins, which children must have if they're to be in tip-top health and full of life. Lack of sufficient Vitamin C causes peevishness and makes a child tired and cross. Vitamin C is needed, too, to keep the skin and gums healthy.

There's the juice of 12 oranges concentrated in every bottle of orange juice. Three teaspoonfuls of orange juice in water daily supplies a child with the amount of Vitamin C he needs.

Cod liver oil contains Vitamins A and D, which are needed to raise the child's resistance to infection, to help to build strong, sturdy limbs, and to prevent rickets.

Your child needs cod liver oil regularly every day, as well as orange juice. When fats are scarce, as they are in wartime, cod liver oil is absolutely essential in order to make sure your child has sufficient Vitamins A and D.

If your child is not having these regularly, then start giving them to him now. It's *now* he needs them, remember, and he should have them *no matter how healthy he looks.*

How to get Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice

1. Orange juice and cod liver oil can be got at welfare centres, clinics, food offices and other distributing centres. If you are in doubt where to go, ask at your Food Office.
2. Orange juice costs 5d. a bottle; cod liver oil 10d. a bottle. Get 5d. or 10d. in stamps, stick stamps on coupons in the child's green book and hand in the book when you go for your supply.
3. If you find it difficult to get cod liver oil and orange juice — and some mothers do — try to arrange with a neighbour to collect them, taking it turn about. Look for the Cod and Orange sign.

HOUSEHOLD MILK: A new allocation starts on Feb. 4; one tin per ration book for the next eight-week period Feb. 4 to March 31.

No points changes for 4-week period Feb. 4 to March 3. Coupon values as before.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 240

Hurrah for Spa

—it's a ***wonderful toothbrush'***

NYLON OR BRISTLE

John Freeman & Co., Ltd.,
"Spa" Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks.
45/1

WILLS'S
CAPSTAN
CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND) LTD.

Your Murphy Dealer will see you through

You can get your Murphy set mended more quickly by telling your Murphy Dealer what the 'symptoms' are. You can save more time by taking the set to him. And if you get a copy of "Keep it Going" (6d. from your Murphy Dealer) you *may* be able to put it right yourself. If you can't find your Murphy Dealer write to us. We'll either find you a Dealer or tell you when to send your set to us. Don't send your set unless we tell you. Between us we'll see that your Murphy set is kept in action. But calls are many and skilled men are scarce, so please help all you can.

MURPHY RADIO LIMITED · WELWYN GARDEN CITY · HERTS

It's up to us to keep fit

THERE are three golden rules for fitness. *First:* regular exercise. *Second:* fresh air. *Third:* good food.

Of these simple rules the third is not *quite* so simple as it looks! The fact is that the most appetising food is not always the most nutritious. But there is an easy way to make certain that every meal you eat, however frugal, is rich in nutriment. You simply replace the missing goodness by taking a little pure yeast. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the B Vitamins. Yestamin is yeast in tablet form. When you take Yestamin you take pure dried yeast highly concentrated. You'll like its savoury taste and you'll soon feel the benefit of its vital goodness.

YESTAMIN

Vitamin B₁ HCl	30 *I.U. per gram*
Riboflavin	65 *mcgs per gram*
Calcium d-Pantothenate	63 *mcgs per gram*
Nicotinamide	455 *mcgs per gram*
Vitamin B6 HCl	34 *mcgs per gram*

TABLETS: 1/1½, 3/- *per bottle.*
POWDER: 1/4½, 2/3, 4/- *per tin.*

WINDOWS CLEAN IN A JIFFY!

I pour some Windolene on to a soft cloth...

Spread it over the whole window—it forms a white film...

Let it dry a moment, give a quick polish—and the glass sparkles

What—clean windows the old bucket-and-water way! Not us, say busy housewives everywhere. It's Windolene, and no more hard rubbing for them. Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes all grease and dirt, gives a rich, lasting gloss. It's just as good for mirrors and picture glass, too. From all grocers and ironmongers, 1/2 a bottle.

Windolene

CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

A kiss that began in her mirror

She was in despair when she looked in the mirror. Day dreams never come true for girls with patchy complexions and shiny noses! Then she discovered Poudre Tokalon and found romance. Poudre Tokalon stays on for hours longer, hiding blemishes and shiny nose beneath a smooth, flawless complexion. Mousse of Cream is the secret of why Poudre Tokalon is the glamorous powder that makes you look as young as your heart. In six skin-blending shades — Apricot, Natural, Peach, Rose Peach, Brunette and Rachel.

Poudre TOKALON

Healthy dogs make good companions

Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.'

In packets 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets

keep dogs fit

CAPENSIS

GUARANTEED 100% PURE
EXTRA SOFT

The BIG TOILET ROLL *for the* THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

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